£250 FOR FOOTBALLERS THIS WEEK.

Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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"THIS YEAR—NEXT YEAR—SOMETIME—NEVER."

Modern Man

No. 212. Week ending November 23. One Penny.

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

Bedlam at St. Stephen's.

Truly the Mother of Parliaments is becoming a very rowdy old lady! We have had reason before now to complain of the hooliganism which is sometimes met with at municipal council meetings; but until the other night we gave the House of Commons credit for greater dignity than is generally shown by a gathering of local councillors. The scene in the House on November 13th, however, was one which will remain for ever as a disgraceful blot on the history of St. Stephens. Members—so-called "honourable"—behaved like a gang of ill-bred cads, and some indeed like wretched charity schoolboys on strike.

"Rats! Rats!" "No Home Rule!" "Swine!" "Traitor!" were some of the graceful phrases used by some of our worthy—or is it unworthy?—legislators, while a puerile battle with paper pellets culminated in the discharge of a heavy volume on "Parliamentary Procedure" at Mr. Winston Churchill's head, by Mr. Ronald McNeill, a man of enormous stature, who surely might be expected to put his imposing height to a more becoming use. The final note of tap-room roystering was sounded when the evergreen Will Crooks began to troll "Auld Lang Syne!"

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The Home Rule Question.

The whole crux of the disgraceful business is the depth of feeling evoked on both sides of the House by the Home Rule question. Our front page cartoon, where the naive infant Redmond is seen deciding the fate of his cherished cause by the test of "This year, next year, sometime, never," sums up the situation in a nutshell.

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Divorce Commission Report.

The long expected (and long delayed) has arrived at last. The Report of the Royal Commission on Divorce and Matrimonial Causes is issued, and forms a topic of everyday discussion.

The Majority Report puts forward recommendations that are drastic and far-reaching. In the main, they are on the lines consistently advocated by *Modern Man*.

The recommended reforms place men and women on an equality as regards the offence of adultery; desertion, cruelty, insanity, drunkenness, and imprisonment under commuted death sentence are five additional grounds for divorce, and additional grounds are defined for declarations of nullity in certain cases of proved unfitness for marriage; local divorce courts are to be established, under the presidency of Commissioners with High Court powers.

* * *

Marriage a Civil Contract.

In the altogether, the recommendations reflect the view that marriage is essentially a civil contract, and only incidentally a religious or ecclesiastical one, whereas the protests of the Minority Report reflect exactly the opposite and contrary view. Agreement between the two sets of signatories is impossible, for the premises accepted by one lead as logically and as inevitably to one conclusion as the premises accepted by the other lead to another conclusion.

The changes now in view mean that facilities long the monopoly of the rich, will be brought within the reach of the poor; that for both relief will be practicable for reasons never hitherto admissible; that a number of existing provocations for illegal unions—unions, that is to say, without legal status—will be removed.

"But we anticipate," as old-time novelists used to say; for, however hopeful we may be, recommended reforms are not yet reforms, and a Report is not an Act.

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Sweated Chorus Girls.

We are delighted to note that, as advocated by *Modern Man* a minimum wage of £2 per week is to be paid by a great many theatrical organisations. Contracts for this minimum figure have been signed in respect of Christmas productions at various metropolitan houses of amusement, notably the London Hippodrome.

Furthermore, payment at half-rates for rehearsals is now being given when the latter take place outside London.

So far so good. But we are not satisfied yet. Precedents, however excellent, are not enough. We shall not rest content until the £2 per week minimum has become one of the laws of the land.

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Plucky Poor Clergymen.

Derisive remarks are sometimes made about "sporting parsons." For ourselves, we admire and like them. They stand for an element of manliness in religion that appeals to us. One of them, the Rev. Walter Greswell, of Markhall, a "sporting parson" particularly well known in Cheshire, has just delivered himself of certain utterances on which we cannot improve, anent plucky poor clergymen—a lamentably numerous body as regards the latter adjective.

"Do you ever think," he writes, "what it means to be a clergyman in a thousand cases, and to hold a living, so-called, which brings you in 26s. a week, with a house to keep up and a 'position' to maintain? Can you imagine what it must be like when a clergyman has to go into church Sunday after Sunday and preach a gospel of gladness and feel all the while that his wife is sinking for lack of food, or that the delicate child died of want, when the butcher, and the baker, and the grocer attend church, not to hear the sermon so much as to remind him that the long-standing account which has been hanging like a millstone round his neck is still unpaid? There are 1,491 of these men, who for all the difficult work they try to do are rewarded with £67 a year, and this is the most religious and the most wealthy country in the world. Congress meets, but never a word is breathed about these men. Congress discusses miracles, but the greatest miracle is not referred to. The greatest miracle of all is not that the churches are so empty of worshippers, but that our gaols are not full of clergy."

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Moral Degeneration.

A melancholy example of John Bull's moral degeneration was afforded by an exciting little incident in one of London's busiest thoroughfares a week ago. A man of doubtful sanity smashed the plate glass front of a jeweller's, and abstracting rings and other jewellery to the value of several hundred pounds, flung them among the crowd which at once collected.

Only five gold brooches and three gold watches were restored to the rightful owners. And this took place in a street where the top-hat is considerably more in evidence than is the cloth cap. A time there was when "Englishman" and "honesty" were synonyms. But apparently it is a case of *nous avons change tout cela*.

* * *

The Criminal's Revolver.

The methods of the motor bandits of Paris have received the compliment of the sincerest form of flattery in the metropolis of this country, and English burglars and cracksmen are falling back into their old practice of carrying firearms.

Even if only carried for menace, a revolver is a portable temptation to follow menace with murder. The revived taste of some of the criminal classes for pocket pistols calls for instant and the sternest repression. The mere fact of the carriage of a loaded firearm should double a convicted man's sentence.

Yellow Men and White Girls.

Liverpool is never long without a discovered yellow-and-white scandal, and never without its unrevealed ones. There is no getting away from the very unpleasant and discreditable fact that yellow men, like black men, are capable of exercising a ghastly sort of sexual influence over some white women, and as long as the great western port harbours gangs of Chinese laundrymen it will retain its unenviable notoriety for cases of a certain sort.

An official inspection of all the Chinese wash-shops in Liverpool would result in nasty disclosures. Liverpool policemen could, and sometimes do, tell startling stories of these places, which white girls often insist on visiting in spite of their warnings.

* * *

Excise Officers and the Insurance Act.

The Insurance Act really seems fated to touch almost everybody up the wrong way. Excise officers in all parts of the country are growing louder in their complaint that they are doing the work of the National Health Insurance Commission, and getting no payment for it. The service is declared to be "seething with discontent."

* * *

"Spare that Back!"

We are frankly disgusted at the rejection, by a majority of Parliamentary old women in trousers, of the amendment in the White Slave Traffic Bill which would have provided for the flogging of "bullies" and procurers at the first offence. It is now certain that these vermin are safe from the last provided that they escape a second conviction.

We have no patience with Messrs. George Greenwood, M.P. (Peterborough), Molteno (Dumfriesshire), the latter of whom indeed would stop flogging even for second offences, and Radford (East Islington).

On the other hand, we are not niggardly in our admiration for the Marquis of Tullibardine, and we honour him for the fine frenzy with which he delivered the following:—

"Hon members opposite say flogging is a brutal punishment. I dare say I have seen more flogging than most hon. members. I agree that it is brutal, it does inflict torture, blood is drawn—and it is for these reasons that I am anxious to have the lash applied to the backs of these creatures—one cannot call them men."

We are not by any means sure that certain Scottish Free Church Presbyterians are not right when they declare that the male brutes engaged in this trade should be burned! Hanging, at any rate, is far too good for them!

* * *

Archiepiscopal Epithet.

The Archbishop of York complains that modern fiction is "blear-eyed," and the Bishop of Chester that women and men novelists are too much addicted to putting bad language into the mouths of their characters.

If it comes to a question of "good" words and "bad" words, there is not much to be said for the Archbishop's epithet, "blear-eyed." There is a straining after effect in it that is very cheap and rather nasty.

* * *

Transportation for Suffragettes.

The authorities are still playing the fool in the matter of the premature release of convicted suffragettes. Four more from one prison are now at liberty to carry on again their pestilent pranks. Sentenced in July to six months' imprisonment for window-smashing in Dublin, Mesdames Lloyd, Haslam, Webb and Houston have just been released from Mountjoy "by order of the Lord Lieutenant."

We are more than ever convinced that *Modern Man's* proposal that all confirmed criminals of the Pankhurst tribe be expatriated is a just and justified proposal.

Censorship Absurdities.

In his official capacity, we have no respect whatever for the Censor of Plays. His office is an anachronism, faulty in principle and mischievous in practice. But while we have a censor—and pay him for censoring—the existence of another censor, with power to curse what the official censor has blessed, and to ban what the official censor has sanctioned, is an intolerable absurdity.

At Oxford, in the case of "Hindle Wakes," the license of the Lord Chamberlain was flouted and set at naught by the Vice-Chancellor, the "amateur censor" of the University town, as Miss Horniman called him. The local prohibition of one licensed play that compelled her to substitute another was an insult of extended application.

Almost concurrently, the ridiculous incident at the Palace theatre proved a good advertisement for "A Venetian Night." The Lord Chamberlain's representative saw a full-dress rehearsal, and on his report the show was vetoed. The Lord Chamberlain was prevailed on to see it himself, and vetoed his own veto.

There's a lot of humbug in all this, somewhere.

TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "READY MONEY."

(With apologies to Fagin, Bill Sikes, and his dog.)

Music Hall v. Picture Palace.

The antagonism of music hall to picture palace is a result of inevitable rivalry. They both cater for the same classes, and the older competitor is feeling a bit squeezed by the growth of the other. But this sort of trouble has a happy knack of righting itself in time.

There are other things than water that are bound to find their own level. Plenty of room will be found for both forms of entertainment.

As regards the particularly "vexed" question of Sunday opening for one and Sunday closing for the other, for all our detestation of favouritism in any shape we must insist on the validity of our point that picture palaces hold a position that is their own only, in that their Sunday opening entails the minimum of Sunday labour.

* * *

"Picture" Picking.

Film makers and film importers apparently doubt their own ability to distinguish objectionable films from unobjectionable ones, or why should they club together to pay Mr. Redford a thousand pounds a year to distinguish for them?

NOW'S THE TIME FOR FORECASTS AND FIRSTS AND LASTS.

In very truth, the Chairman of the Waltham Abbey magistrates is a man of the world. Hearken ye, followers of the Royal and Ancient game, to his words of wisdom. In fining a boy 2s. 6d. for stealing a golf-ball from Chingford golf-course, he remarked that if golf players would refuse to buy balls from lads like the accused, there would not be so many lost balls.

* * *

"Murderous Motorists."

"It is no use telling me that story, because I drive a motor-car, and have done for years"—Mr Ingleby Oddie, the Battersea Coroner.

The facts of the case recently investigated at Battersea by Mr. Oddie were that a youth named Alfred Foster, aged 17, was knocked down and killed by a motor-car while dragging a barrow after dark. An occupant of the car had begun to explain that "There was a glass screen, it was drizzling, and the shadows in the road——" when Mr. Oddie cut him short with the stern remark quoted above.

Resuming, Mr. Oddie asked: "Can you explain how you killed a poor boy, walking alone on the near side, where he was entitled to be?" and added, "The beam of light from one incandescent lamp (in the road) is not worth talking about. You ought to rely on your own lights. You have no right to go driving about with insufficient light, because these pedestrians are entitled to be in the road."

And so say we. When is that much-needed law going to be passed by which "murderous motorists" should go to gaol. We demand that it shall be engineered without delay.

* * *

Hygiene in Church.

Various expedients are advocated for pulling up the returns of church attendance—such as better sermons, shorter sermons, brighter services, more music, fewer collections.

A different note is struck by that eminently practical organ, the monthly journal of the Royal Sanitary Institute, the current issue containing an exhortation to make our churches healthier meeting places than it says they are. The aged, weakly and infirm especially ought not, it urges, to be exposed to the devitalising effects of polluted atmosphere, dangerous currents of chilled air, and defective ventilation.

As a matter of fact, human ingenuity is always equal to the invention of excuses for staying away from church without new tips of this kind. We don't want to start any fresh form of competition among rival sects, and should deprecate any such advertisements as "the healthiest place of worship in London," "the most thoroughly disinfected church in the town," or "fewer colds caught in our chapels than in those of any other denomination"; but the warnings of the Royal Sanitary Institute should be heeded, so that "the church-going bells" may only summon us to houses of assembly that are fit and proper, "as well for the body as for the soul."

* * *

Left for Magisterial Examination.

It seems more than strange than when a woman, with the most obvious of bees in her bonnet, presents herself before a magistrate and makes preposterous charges against people in high places, she should apparently be confirmed in her delusion by being requested to leave certain documents in Court for magisterial examination.

Yet this is what happened a few days back, when a lady with a most vivid imagination applied to Mr. Marsham, at Bow Street, to be bound over, under the Vexatious Indictment Act, to prosecute the Lord Chief Justice and others for conspiracy.

"I accuse him of maliciously preventing me from getting justice," she fulminated. "I accuse him of trying to murder me with slow but acute poison; and I want process against him and other Crown servants for wickedly conspiring to put me into a lunatic asylum."

And the magistrate mildly suggested—a suggestion which was promptly acted upon—that she should leave with him, for his perusal, the portentous-looking bundle of papers she flourished in her hand. But, in the name of magisterial wisdom, why?

* * *

Talkee-Talkee.

Lunacy is recognised as persistent, in almost all its forms It is also, contrary to received opinion, contagious, or the "Which?" discussion craziness would not have survived the first outbreak. It has broken out yet once again in the *Daily Mirror*, which has succeeded in getting replies from all sorts of somebodies and all sorts of nobodies to the foolquestion, "Which should a woman save in the time of danger—her husband or her father?"

Apart from the fatuous futility of these talkee-talkees, from the practical point of view, they haven't a shred of even academical interest.

Hurry up that Bill, please, for the better protection (from themselves) of the feeble-minded and mentally deficient.

* * *

Beauty Doctor's Assertion.

The decadance of the Roman Empire was undoubtedly due to its emasculated manhood. The effieminacy of its latter days succeeded to the virile qualities of its earlier.

And history, we have been assured from time immemorial, repeats itself. Is that of Rome's decline and fall to be repeated in the case of the greatest empire of to-day? The worse than inanities of an ever-growing section of our young men would seem to justify the affirmative answer.

"They come to us to be manicured and generally beautified," said a "beauty doctor" the other day, "and they all want advice as to how they may best preserve a youthful appearance. Many will sit for over an hour having their nails polished and their hands massaged. They will buy any kind of powder you care to recommend for the face, any lotion for the skin, and any remedy for the hair."

A Bond Street hairdresser bore similar testimony. "I should say that many men nowadays take as much care of their faces as women do," he declared. "They seem to do everything but rouge their lips and pencil their eyebrows."

And even that they'll do eventually. A bad sign, my masters; an ominous portent.

* * *

New Fire Bill.

In the case of fire, the housing of large numbers of young people over business premises only too often crammed with inflammable material is fraught with extreme danger to human life. This was among the points emphasised in the Bill drafted last year by the Corporation of Halifax, and dealt with by a Committee of the House of Commons.

The Government having neglected to act on the recommendation of this Committee that the questions raised by this Bill be made the subject of general legislation, "as the arguments used with reference to Halifax apply equally to every town in the United Kingdom," the Shop Assistants' Union is taking steps to introduce a Bill into the House dealing with the whole matter.

Its promoters will be able to illuminate their arguments with plenty of fire-light.

* * *

William Shakespeare's Suicide.

When one sees a newspaper paragraph headed "William Shakespeare's Suicide," the Immortal Bard's hackneyed "What's in a name?" at once recurs to the mind. For, a supplementary question suggest itself.

Why do obscure people with famous surnames make provision for their equally obscure children's life-long misery by saddling them with the Christian names also of those who made the surnames more enduring than marble or brass?

It's bad enough for a nonentity to be born with Shakespeare's name. That, however, can't be helped; and if such a "præ-nomen" as John or Thomas be tacked on to it, nothing much will be amiss. Deliberately to make choice of William, however, is simply monstrous, for the bearer is thus foredoomed to be a butt. A William Shakespeare who can write not even the silliest doggerel, much less anything approximating to the "Venus and Adonis" of *the* William Shakespeare, is bound to be a laughing-stock among the more thoughtless of those who know him.

And in all probability, the unhappy wight, bearing that name, who took his own life the other day, was impelled to do so by that very fact.

* * *

Straight to the Point Advice.

That most genial of Jesuits, Father Bernard Vaughan, who has been making an extensive North American tour, has recently favoured prospective emigrants to Canada with a piece of his characteristically straight-to-the-point advice.

"Leave your eyeglass at home," says this practical son of Loyola, "and your knickerbockers, and your hypercriticisms, and your superiority. Put on a pair of overalls, pull off your coat, pull up your sleeves and put your back into your work till you are through with it. Then, instead of being all in, down and out, you will come out on top and become a useful member of an enterprising community, and not at all a bad advertisement for the Old Country."

As an American contemporary tersely puts it, "He has got the hang of it properly."

£250 IS THE PREMIER PRIZE. WHY NOT WIN IT?

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT TO SEE WHEN THE COMMISSION'S PROPOSALS BECOME LAW

One of the newspapers spoke of the Lord Mayor's Show as "London's annual relapse into childishness," and contemptuously referred to it as a "circus," but the only fault I have to find with the show (writes a Londoner) was that it had lost a large proportion of its one-time childishness.

* * *

Childishness is the Key to Bliss.

Not many years ago elephants and camels played their part in the procession, to the enjoyment of the little ones. It is true we now have Boy Scouts, and these had a splendid reception, but no one can maintain that the Scout garb is a picturesque one. As for the hat it is *almost* as ugly as the headgear at present in vogue with lovely woman, or, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling so elegantly calls her, the female of the species.

The welcome given to the lifeboatmen was, as it always is, of considerable warmth. The firemen, however, were absent; and I was sorry for this, for they have an indisputable claim to warmth. I think, if the arrangement of the programme had fallen to my lot, I should have seen to it that an official of the *Port* of London Authority should sing "Simon the Cellarer," "Ho, jolly Jenkins!" or other suitable ditty!

In spite of sundry omissions, such as these, the Show passed off very well, and the weather was in genial mood. Personally, I thoroughly enjoyed the "lapse into childishness." I recalled the story of Dick Whittington hearing the bells as he trudged along at Highgate bidding him return to London, and become in due time Lord Mayor.

The Show should be retained—there is fortunately no danger of its falling into desuetude—if only for this romance of a former Chief Magistrate, whose early years were so closely bound up, at all events on the stage and in the story books, with his feline friend!

* * *

Appeal to Turn Again.

Though there was not much in the Show to make the youngsters laugh, there was ample to induce them to open wide their eyes in wonderment and awe; the banners and the pennants, the brilliant uniforms and the dismal ditto, the martial strains, and the rag-time melodies, the Territorials and the Scoutlets, the glint of steel and the clash of armour; and to some of the boyish onlookers there doubtless came the old appeal to turn again Robinson—or Smith, or Brown, or Jones, or any other name—Lord Mayor of London!

The new map of Eastern Europe—or the map of new Eastern Europe—will shortly be ready for publication. The well-known and energtic Messrs. Balkan States and Co. are very busy indeed with their preparations. Offers of co-operation by other experts are warmly made and coldly received.

Full particulars are confidently anticipated at an early date. Just at present, the map makers are getting through the bothers of moving—to Constantinople.

* * *

The Great Powers seem to have shrunk a little. They don't appear to be quite so big as when, only a few weeks ago, they publicly proclaimed their will that there should be no war, and their intention to dictate terms of peace to the conqueror. The end is not yet, but there is certainly a manifest tendency to back down on this announced intention. Nothing is heard now about "no extension of frontiers." They're extended.

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Reader and Pillar Box Outrages.

"Gum Pot," Settle, is amazed with Governmental dilatoriness. He writes:—

"Re your articles, 'Ilford Pillar Box Outrages,' and various other attempts at robbing or otherwise causing destruction to letters in pillar boxes, it would seem very little has been attempted by the officials of the Government in the General Post Office to bring about a scheme to absolutely stop such depredations.

"It is not to be wondered at that such outrages are so frequent, indeed the wonder is they are not more so, seeing the pathway is so clear.

"The access to the letters or packets in a pillar box is of such an easy nature that it is open to the most simple-brained individual to fish out or deposit any kind of trash or filth.

"Surely in these days of slot machines some good and sound devices might be invited by the Government, giving encouragement to would-be inventors by defraying the cost of all attempts sent in. I mention this latter, knowing the hardships encountered by many ingenious men who, for want of the means, have had to abandon many an excellent scheme, which otherwise would have benefited the community at large, as would be the case of a safe and secure letter box."

There is certainly a good deal in what "Gum Pot" says, and merits official consideration.

POWERFUL MELODRAMATIC SERIAL BEGINS NEXT WEEK.

Mr. Allen James Lawrie had to deal at the London Sessions with four young men convicted of prowling by night with an unspeakable intent; and was inexorable in giving effect to his avowed determination to do all in his power to put an end to a scandal of which "grave" was an inadequate description.

Each disgusting prisoner he ordered to be birched as well as imprisoned. We would that the birches were cat-o'-nine tails. More judges are wanted of the calibre of Mr. Allen James Lawrie.

* * *

Magistrate and Innocent Pastime.

Whist was a most admirable game and he could not see how people playing it for small prizes—umbrellas, groceries, and so on—did any real harm, said Mr. Hedderwick in fining Chrissie Munro 20s. and costs at the North London Police Court for running partner whist drives at the Bijou Academy of Dancing, Bryett Road, Grove Road, Holloway, on September 16th and 30th and October 2nd and 4th. He was sorry, the magistrate added, that so much attention had been devoted to what he considered an innocent pastime, when there were so many more serious matters requiring looking after. He had, however, to regard the decision of the High Court.

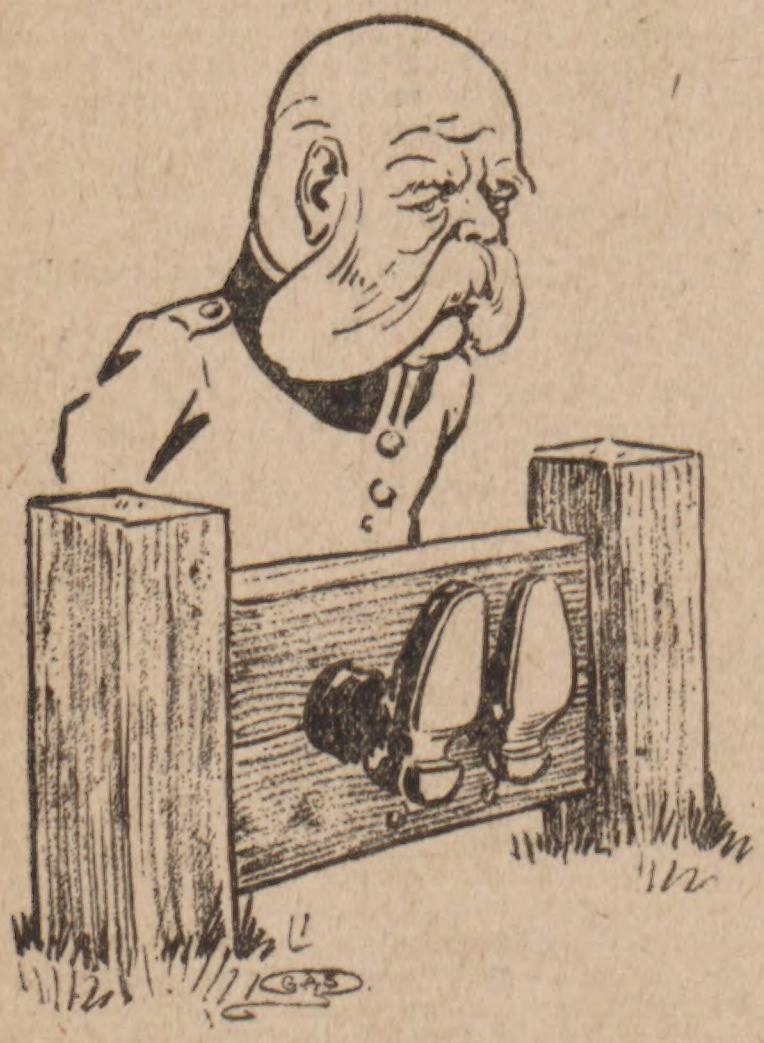
Coming as they do from a magistrate, Mr. Hedderwick's remarks will be greatly appreciated, and our only regret is that he was forced to impose the fine on Chrissie Munro.

* * *

Our Subject "In the Stocks."

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, you are "in the stocks"—and well you deserve to be, for you are a very naughty old man. You know quite well that war is a terrible thing, and yet, as if the conflict between the Five Nations and the Turks had not caused carnage enough, you are deliberately trying to bring about an Armageddon in Europe.

What the Dickens right have you to deny Servia a port or two on the Adriatic Sea? Servia has fought hard and bravely, and has well deserved a maritime outlet. But you seize on this pretext to stir up trouble which may bring England, France, and Russia into ghastly conflict with Germany, Italy, and your own precious country. You are a distinctly dangerous character, Franz Josef, and you shall remain "in the stocks" pending our pleasure, which is a long time.



IN THE STOCKS.—No. 12: EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

QUACKS, "QUALIFIED" AND "UNQUALIFIED."

Spoof and Humbug Not Confined to Market Place.

For reasons that are not far to seek, perennial public interest is inseparable from the subject of Medical and Surgical Quackery. We offer our readers a glance at that subject from the always independent view-point of *Modern Man*, prefatorily reminding them that with some aspects of the question we dealt at some length a few weeks ago in our article on "The Modern Star Chamber."

Limelight on Common Fallacy.

A little limelight on a very common fallacy will not be wasted. It is far too generally assumed that a quack is necessarily unqualified, in the sense that he is without the qualifications signified by certain familiar initials in capital letters. Without for a moment disparaging the education and training represented by these initial letters, we are insistent on the fact that a man may be a quack, in a very real and very dangerous sense of the word, with them as well as without them.

To a certain extent, it depends on the man. A man may be crammed with a lot of knowledge and yet remain a fool. It takes more than a handle to his name, a red lamp and a brass plate, to make either physician or surgeon a competent practitioner. Degrees and diplomas don't and can't bring their possessors on to a dead level of equality or ability.

Swank, spoof, and humbug are not confined to the market-place, and the vendor of penny pills—they only change their form, not their substance, when they find their way so far as Harley Street, and into the practice of eminent—and expensive—specialists.

We put it that, without any more talk about it, the point is clear that quacks are divisible into two classes—"qualified" and "unqualified."

Yellow Spectacles of Prejudice.

To predicate that a man may be a quack is to predicate that he may not be a quack; and this is precisely what we do assert of the unqualified as well as of the qualified, while unreservedly conceding that, in the nature of things, there are many more downright quacks among the former than among the latter.

This free concession does not attenuate the *gravamen* of our complaint, that the medical profession as a whole regard every technically unqualified practitioner, irrespective of his achievements, through the yellow spectacles of prejudice, bigotry, and malice. The simple absence of technical qualifications is held to be, in itself and by itself, much more than sufficient condemnation, apart from, and in despite of, any and every other consideration. Unanimity of animus finds expression in the declaration and the determination "This man is not one of us: down with him."

Nor is this class ferocity limited in its operation to the original and primary "offender." If with exceptional high-mindedness, independence, and bravery, a qualified practitioner dares to "recognise," by any sort of association with him, an unqualified practitioner, sentence of excommunication is mercilessly passed on him. Bad as it is, the recent case of Dr. Axham is only a representative one.

In administering anæsthetics to the patients of Mr. Barker, this gentleman "recognised" the existence, and the success, of a specialist whose fame is known to all the world, and whose achievements give the lie to all suggestion of his inefficiency. Peremptorily called on to desist from his beneficient administrations, and pluckily refusing to do so, Dr. Axham was branded as being guilty of "infamous conduct," and struck off the rolls. The atrocious persecution of which he was made the victim happens to have aroused public indignation in an unwonted degree, but we repeat that the case is typical, not singular.

Preposterous and Intolerable.

The assumption that the value of any medical discovery depends on the technical qualification of its discoverer is preposterous and intolerable. It is notorious that in all branches of learning, new light has often reached the initiated and the world through lay channels.

When health fails, call in a qualified doctor by all means, but never assume that one is as good as another just because he has the same degrees.

THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE FOR OUR FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS.

Why are such frantic advertisements being inserted in the newspapers to ascertain the whereabouts of a woman who used to be a lady's maid at Chiswick? And why does the woman in question so resolutely remain in obscurity?

* * *

Can anybody recognise the identity of the Throgmorton Street business man, whose family dread his committing suicide any day, and who are dismally conjecturing the form in which he will eventually elect to do it?

* * *

We warn our girl readers against a woman who is at present paying a round of visits to the big London drapery shops, getting into conversation with the saleswomen and making them alluring offers of much more lucrative situations in shops in Paris and elsewhere on the Continent. For the reason of our warning we refer interested readers to our articles on the White Slave Traffic.

* * *

Is it not a fact that a fairly prosperous outside-broker in the St. James's district recently gave a wealthy client a cigar inadvertently taken from a box reserved for his more insignificant visitors—and thereby lost a considerable amount of lucrative business?

* * *

A man and a woman recently engaged a suite of rooms at an Eastbourne hotel, giving the names of Mr. and Mrs. _____. Imagine the electrification of the manager when he realised that they had stayed at his hotel the year before, and, on consulting his book, discovered that then they had given another name altogether!

* * *

Who is the famous confirmed bachelor member of the Opposition party in the House of Commons who is being very much worried just now by the frequent receipt of blackmailing letters from an individual who begins his epistles with "My dear father"?

* * *

What shining light of the British peerage has had to sell some valuable property as a result of a pet "system" which recently "came unstuck" at Monte Carlo?

And why did he refuse the financial assistance of a very pushful but intensely vulgar little member of a famous publishing firm, who happened to be in "Monte" at the same time?

* * *

Who was it who recently spread the story that King George intended giving up racing? And what was that individual's reason for so doing?

* * *

Why are all the female domestics of a bachelor, with a house off Curzon Street, Mayfair, so undeniably pretty?

And why does he have them so daintily garbed o' nights?

And who are the lads of the village who so frequently call on him?

* * *

Why is it that a red-nosed individual of doubtful reputation and seedy attire is allowed to haunt the Haymarket from morning till night? He is supposed to be in the pay of the police for some sort of services rendered. It would be illuminating to ascertain what services these are.

* * *

We warn our unmarried or widowed lady readers against a florid-faced man with boots slashed for the comfort of his bunions, who seeks to make women's acquaintance in Regent Street and elsewhere. He makes almost a business of lucrative bigamous marriages, and has done more than one term of imprisonment for this offence.

* * *

Who was the elegantly dressed dame who recently issued from a house close to Greek Street, Soho, where sultry cinema pictures are exhibited to a select few? And what was the crest on the motor-car which was waiting for her in Coventry Street, and in which she drove to Maidenhead?

* * *

Who is the peer of the realm who is so anxious to "buy out" his youngest son from the Army, into which he has enlisted as a private? And why does the young hopeful so steadfastly refuse to leave the ranks?

Look out for a scandal in City aldermanic circles before long, involving two husbands and wives.

* * *

Who is the famous foreign comedienne who is said to have had the name of an illustrious Royal personage tattooed on her body? We wonder whether circumstances will not arise later on when she will sigh in vain for some means of removing it?

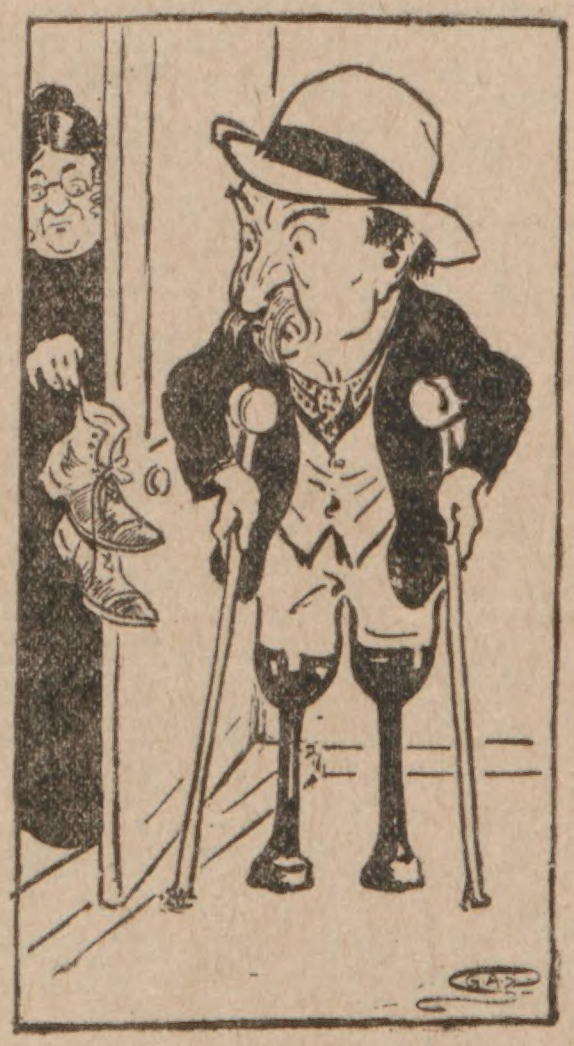
* * *

We notice that a Jewish individual, who was some years ago connected with a swindling variety "syndicate," is now renewing similar activities. He lays himself out to defraud the stage-struck type of girl; and we tell him plainly that we are making close enquiries into his movements just now, with the object of strong action if he continues this sort of fraud.

* * *

Why is it that the terms of membership of a new night-club for the use of both sexes are so very low? The astute promoter is not noted for generosity; and there is undoubtedly a strong reason for his disinterestedness in the matter of entrance fees. Can it be that there are extras?

* * *



CHARITY!

* * *

Is it not a fact that, when the other day, a select trio of youths were sent to prison on a very unpleasant charge, several quite illustrious personages were shaking in their shoes lest their names should be involved?

* * *

Who was the highly connected lady kleptomaniac who purloined an American woman's gem-studded handbag on a cross-Channel steamer last week, and whose agitated parent had so much trouble to restrain the injured dame from taking action?

* * *

Why is a well-known litterateur "barred" from the card-room at the West End club to which he belongs? And when will he send in his resignation of membership?

* * *

We wonder whether the musical-comedy *jeune premier* who recently witnessed a "White Slavery" sketch from a box at a Palladium matinee was suitably impressed, in view of certain rumours that have been floating round of late.

YOU MUST READ OUR NEW SERIAL. SEE PAGE 1580.

HIRE PURCHASE SWINDLES.

Victims Write Letters to "Modern Man."

Our recent articles exposing some nefarious hire purchase tricks has brought a tremendous number of letters from all parts of the country, and this week we propose to give extracts from a few of these.

Writing from Mile End, "M.J." says:—

Sir,—In this week's issue I notice you have an article on Hire Furnishing Sharks, and it seems to be quite correct, as I will explain. I was for about six years secretary of a large hire furnishing company in the City, and during that period I saw some of the most distressing cases imaginable. Some of the most respectable customers were treated worse than the blackest type of vagabonds on earth, and left destitute, without a home, after paying nearly all their instalments, all because through perhaps the misfortune of losing their work, or illness, they had ceased their payments. I can point out districts, such as Peckham, Fulham, Clapham, Stockwell, Mile End, Stepney (especially Stepney Green Buildings) where if the name of the firm I name was mentioned they would I think cut you in halves. The firm shows no mercy; in fact, it is the system if a person has nearly settled his account, and fails to make his payments of the last few instalments at the precise time when due, their opportunity comes, and the firm seize what they owe for.

I have known a young married couple, husband ill at home, and wife starving, pay their account regular for two years, and were shown no mercy. The wife prayed to me to give her a day to try and get the money, but the firm would not wait. I gave the poor soul something out of my own pocket. . . . The scoundrels ought to be wiped off the earth. It is cruel that such firms are allowed to carry on this business. . . . I must mention I have been a shareholder in this company named ever since it was formed some years ago, but I have never received a penny dividend from the same, yet they are in a flourishing condition. To prove my statements please refer to Somerset House, and you will have all the information you require."

From Bayswater comes a lengthy letter in which "L.W." states:—

Sir,—I am delighted to find there is at least one paper not afraid to expose this abominable system of hire purchase, and the many tricks accruing to it. . . . It is not always the very poor that suffer at these rascals' hands, as I will prove to you, and I hope you will publish their methods thoroughly, for poor ladies with small capital, as well as the poor man, sorely need help. There is a firm (I am in possession of the name.—Ed.) connected with a so-called firm of boarding house and private hotel agents who have for some time been carrying on a system of swindling. Their method is to advertise in glowing terms an enormous bargain, the great inducement being that a large portion may be paid by instalments out of the profits.

But the system of the rascals is to buy up at a very small cost a couple of houses, get a jerry builder, who is in league with them, to make a few alterations, and then the furnishing firm steps in with the glue pot furniture. The agents and others then take over the management, and a decoy manageress is installed. Sometimes the same woman poses as proprietress, and they have several women who act with them whose names are well known to me. The place is at once largely advertised, and in about three months is placed on the market for sale as a going concern with a marvellous clientele, enormous takings and profits. They provide their own auditors and their books are all faked, and so much so that in the event of anyone taking action against them they are immediately passed over to another of the gang and destroyed. They also pay a fee to this decoy of £25 if she succeeds in inducing the victim to buy, as I know to my cost.

In the event of their finding a purchaser, which is generally a lady, who pays, say, £2,500 cash down, and the remainder by instalments until it reaches £4,000, the decoy manageress will stay with her for a month, on the plea of initiating her into the business. But she is in reality a spy to report all to the gang, and by that time the agents will have found another establishment to start on, and again require her valuable services. So she departs, and so does the valuable clientele with her, who are a stock in trade from place to place. By the end of six months the unfortunate purchaser has discovered that the whole thing is a swindle: that the books are false; and with no connection she is unable to meet the instalments which now become due, with the 5 per cent. interest.

She is promptly subject to endless abuse and threats by these scoundrels, who promptly sell her up, so that in six months they obtain her money, house, and furniture, and leave her penniless. If she threatens action or opposes them in any way, they promptly try to blacken her good name to prevent her earning her living. At the sale only their own brokers are allowed to buy, so the profits are enormous, and the goods go to furnish another of these swindles. . . . They have been the ruin of hundreds of helpless women like myself, and they are assisted by several solicitors who have been struck off the rolls, and who share in the plunder. . . .

Pressure on space only permits of extracts from one other letter this week. Writing from Camberwell, S.C.T. says:—

In April I obtained furniture as noted in the accompanying memo. at a monthly payment of £1 5s., and up-to-date I have paid a total of £22 5s. out of a sum demanded of £33 2s. 6d. Last month I wrote to the firm asking them what they would take to settle the case in terms of their agreement, i.e., in consideration of cash payment, and they offered to reduce the account by £1 4s. only.

The furniture as far as I can see is worth only about half the sum demanded, as the articles are made of ordinary white (pine) wood.

At the time I signed the agreement no list of the furniture was supplied me, and the prices were made out and affixed to the agreement. But the firm supplied me with the list some time this year when I wrote to them for a copy.

Memo. of furniture obtained:—Sitting-room suite, £9 5s.; chair-bed and cushions, £1 5s.; bedstead, complete, £4 10s.; bedroom suite, £6 18s. 6d.; Windsor armchair, 13s. 6d.; fender, £1 7s. 6d.; irons, 5s. 6d.; fender, 10s. 6d.; set of ware, 17s. 6d.; Pembroke table, 10s. 6d.; three Windsor chairs, 11s. 3d.; kitchen fender, 6s. 6d.; 39yds. matting lino, 7yds. red lino, at 2s. 3d., £4 7s. 9d.; overmantle, 18s. 6d.; half-tea set, 7s. 6d.; half-dinner set, 13s. 6d.; total, £33 2s. 6d.—Paid £22 5s.—Balance unpaid, £10 17s. 6d.

WINTER'S APPROACH.

When Fields are Drear and Robins are the Only Singers.

The year has taken a decided turn—one of the few sharp turns that Nature ever allows herself, preferring usually to work stealthily but surely to accomplish her ends. But within a couple of weeks a great change has taken place in the appearance of the country. And not only in the appearance but in the feeling of the air and the whole conduct, as it were, of the elements.

Spirit of the Outdoor World.

While, a few days ago, it was quite reasonable to talk of autumn, it is more appropriate to speak of winter. This is not merely a matter of temperature, or the extra clothes we wear to fight against greater cold; but it is in the entire spirit of the outdoor world that a change has taken place.

The hedges—which are the picture palaces of the countryside, showing more quickly and clearly than any other thing the progress of the seasons—clearly indicate that they have passed the autumn.

Leaves there are, in abundance, about them, but these are mostly gathered in sodden rotting clusters down at the roots. The branches are at last bare, save for an occasional single leaf, holding on at the tip of a twig, and shivering incessantly in the wind.

The bare wood of the hedge has a clean, washed look after the rains, and there is something of a cold sheen on the bark that suggests life, but subdued, enduring life rather than active growth.

Among the birds also there is a change of habit. Many of them remain all day close to these hedges. Thrushes and blackbirds especially skulk among the dead and rotting leaves, scratching about for insects, hibernating snails, or the fallen berries and seeds from the hedge above them. They like the shelter, both from rain and from the wind which they seem to dislike most of all.

The Robin's Appreciated Song.

They are quite silent; not even creating a din along the hedgeside when disturbed and alarmed, as is the case in softer seasons. The silence of the birds is very marked now. Perhaps in the brief sunshine of an early morning a starling will mount to the corner of a chimney and gurgle forth its miscellaneous repertoire of sounds, and a crusty caw will fall from the windy skies as a flock of rooks goes towards the newly ploughed lands for a day's feed.

But for the most part there is no song and no note beyond that of the robin.

The delicate, plaintive sweetness of this bird's autumn song as he sits on a bare apple tree, or on the rough, whisker-like growths on an elm stump, is gradually becoming more widely appreciated.

When it is heard on a cold clear evening, at sunset, just before the frost sets in it has a marvellously full expression of the melancholy of the season.

Beyond the immediate neighbourhood of the hedges there is an aspect of dreary fields, where the long spikes of grass are withered and of a watery brown hue, and the shorter grass is thrown back, closely cropped to the very surface of the earth.

The ground is soft, partly water-logged, and worm casts cling to the boots as you walk, making progress sticky, slippery and slow. For the most part the paths are deserted. Country children keep to the roads going to and from school. There are no longer any blackberries, or wild flowers, to tempt them away through gates or gaps in the hedges. One of the typical sights along the roadside is the deserted, bedraggled bird's nest, half filled with hips and haws, carried into it by wild mice, which have taken possession of it since late summer, when the young birds flew.

Faithful to a Tree.

There is almost as much bird music by night as by day at this season, for the brown owls that live in the woods seem to hoot and call more at this season than at any other. Often these birds are faithful to one wood, and even to one tree, and may be counted on with certainty, night after night, to keep up an occasional hoot, interspersed with a number of other curious but less melodious sounds.

There are few sounds more forlorn than the loud call of a wood owl from the deep recesses of a dark and otherwise silent wood; and when heard on a light wind, with a moon occasionally showing behind driving rain clouds, the hoot expresses the very spirit of despair.

FIRSTS AND LASTS APPEAL TO BOTH OLD AND YOUNG.

NO ENTRANCE FEE. OPEN TO ALL.

£250 FOR CORRECT RESULTS

GIGANTIC MONEY PRIZE FOR FOOTBALL SKILL.

Now is your opportunity to fill your purse for Christmas. Plenty of money is wanted during the festive season, and our Football Skill Competition will do it for you. Put your football knowledge to the test this week. Remember there is no entrance fee, and you can send in as many coupons as you like.

THE NAMES OF PRIZE WINNERS IN OUR NO. 2 FOOTBALL CONTEST APPEAR ON PAGE 1583.

To be successful in forecasting the results of matches one must be well acquainted with the various teams engaged, and also with the factors that make for success in a football match, such as whether a team is playing at home or away. A knowledge of the form and special abilities of the various members of the teams is also very necessary in making such a forecast. A number of handbooks are published, furnishing facts regarding past performances of clubs, but the best guide is the information published in the newspapers as to what clubs have done or have failed to do in the present season.

By intelligently studying the work done by the various teams one is able to gauge with marvellous accuracy the result of the match.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO:

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches in the First, Second and Southern Leagues on Saturday, November 23rd, and for the prize of

£250

you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will *lose*. Where you predict a *draw* leave the names of both teams.

To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given below we will award the sum of

£250

In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results

£25

will be forwarded to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct result.

Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in sixteen matches next Saturday, November 23. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN MAN, No. 4, Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, November 22. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the sixteen matches are not played the £250 prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £25 will be awarded to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct result.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 4.

Matches to be played on Saturday, November 23rd. Cross out —in ink— the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BLACKBURN ROVERS	v.	CHELSEA.
DERBY COUNTY	v.	OLDHAM ATHLETIC.
EVERTON	v.	BRADFORD CITY.
MANCHESTER UNITED	v.	LIVERPOOL.
SUNDERLAND	v.	ASTON VILLA.
TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR	v.	NEWCASTLE UNITED.
BARNSLEY	v.	BURNLEY.
BRADFORD	v.	PRESTON NORTH END.
FULHAM	v.	HULL CITY.
GRIMSBY TOWN	v.	CLAPTON ORIENT.
LEEDS CITY	v.	LINCOLN CITY.
BRISTOL ROVERS	v.	PORTSMOUTH.
NORWICH CITY	v.	MERTHYR TOWN.
QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS	v.	BRIGHTON AND HOVE.
READING	v.	CRYSTAL PALACE.
SOUTHAMPTON	v.	PLYMOUTH ARGYLE.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

YOU MAY SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

SEE PAGE 1583 FOR NAMES OF PRIZE WINNERS.

RUINED IN PARIS.

AN ENGLISH GIRL'S ADVENTURE IN GAY CITY.
BRITISH SEA CAPTAIN'S STORY.

As we had every reason to expect, our astounding article, "English Girls in Paris," has drawn forth an enormous budget of correspondence from all parts of the country. We are most especially gratified at the receipt of one letter from an English clergyman in a North of France town, encouraging us in the task we have undertaken. Says he:—

". . . I rejoice that *Modern Man* has had the courage to step into the arena of public morals, and take up this distressingly real subject. My town is on the direct railway route to the French capital, and I am in a position to see a deplorably large number of English girls—innocent of the fate that awaits them—on their way to Paris. But, alas! I am powerless to save them! No individual can do any good; but the power of a fearless newspaper, putting the truth outspokenly before thousands of influential men and women, is well-nigh incalculable. Go on, Mr. Editor, and prosper in the fight!

Yours with the utmost sincerity,
P. O'H F. (Department du Nord, France)."

At the conclusion of our last article we promised our readers to give them further particulars of the sufferings of poor English girl dupes in Paris, and additional devices by which they are lured there. Here is a true story detailed to our Special Commissioner by Captain O'Mara—as, for the purposes of this series, we choose to call the Irish sailor referred to last week, who was instrumental in securing the release of a London girl, Miss Ellen H——, from a licensed house, to which she had been trapped.

Scene in a Large Room.

"Last year, taking advantage of an unwonted leave of ten days," said this gentleman, "I ran across to Paris, having for many years been anxious to see the sights of the 'Gay City.' And, like a great many other Britishers in Paris, I decided to visit the *gros numeros*, of which I had heard a lot. The house to which I was driven by a friendly *cocher* was of just the type described in your article—closed shutters, big lamp, and all. Well, I was shown into a large room, elegantly furnished like a drawing-room, in which some twenty or more girls were sitting about, some alone, and some talking to men. The girls' costumes need little description, for they were of a particularly scanty character, made of some gauzy material, which was practically transparent. Several got up as I entered, and started to speak to me in French, but I could not understand them. The old woman in charge, realising this, dumped me down beside a pretty girl, quite young, who looked supremely miserable.

"I spoke to her in English, and she answered in the same language. She said she was pleased to be able to speak it—not having spoken to a fellow-countryman for many months. I realised then that she was English—and she must have seen that I sympathised with her, for, haltingly shamedly, she told me her terrible story, biting off each word, as it were, as if it hurt her.

Engaged to look after Baby.

"Her name was Ellen H—— one of a family of three sons and four daughters, who lived at Hammersmith. The family were very poor, so that two of the sons were working as shop assistants, two of the girls were typists in the city, and Ellen remained at home to help her mother. The remaining boy and girl were still at school. It, however, became imperative that Ellen sould find work, too; and she began to scan the 'Situations Vacant' columns of the newspaper every day at the local public library.

"At last she saw an advertisement for a domesticated English girl to do light housework, and look after a two-year-old baby in Paris, and she was engaged for the situation. Her father and mother, the former a printer, incapacitated from work by acute lead-poisoning, were very pleased, and fitted Ellen out with a small wardrobe, black dress, caps, etc.

"Two of three days after she met her new employer at Charing Cross Station, and with her took train for Paris.

"She was taken—on arrival there—in a cab to a house—the very house in which I found her, and was shown into her room. She asked to see her infant charge; but was told that she need not take up her duties in connection with it until the following day. Suspecting nothing, she had a meal and went to bed. The same night two women and a man entered the room, and the latter assaulted her, while the former held her tightly.

"That," said Captain O'Mara, "was the first step; and it was repeated every day. The poor girl, realising now, of course, the trap into which she had fallen, put forth every effort to escape, and obtain justice for herself—but in vain.

She was kept a prisoner in her room, which had no window from which she might shriek for assistance. She could not write home, and even if she had been able to do so, she did not even know the name of the road in which she was living.

Gave Way to Despair.

Further, her captors continually taunted her with statements that her parents, if even they heard of her case, would not believe her story, but would be convinced that she had become an inmate of the house of her own free will. The thought agonised her, and she eventually gave way to despair. After many weeks of dreadful brutality and harrowing torture of both mind and body, she submitted to what she looked upon as her fate, and became one of the show-girls of the common-room, where I found her some seven months after her first arrival . . . ."

"Naturally," went on the chivalrous Irishman to our Commissioner, "I was horrified at such blackguardism; and I promised to do all I could for the poor girl. I made her give me her parents' address, though at first she was reluctant, fearing their anger at her shame, however undeserved it might be. But at last I persuaded her. I then went to the police and the British Consular authorities, with the result that in a day or two Ellen H—— was released.

"I made it my business, too, to call on her father and mother, to make things easier for her; and I am glad to say that, indescribably shocked as they were by the terrible story, these good people were overjoyed at the return of the daughter whom by then they had given up as lost for ever. Ellen H—— is now living at home, comparatively happy; but it is feared that she will never entirely recover from the dreadful mental shock of her ghastly sufferings in the French capital. . . . ."

Disappearance of the Decoy.

The deplorable point, to our minds, is that no action was possible against the girl's captors. Her story, unfortunately, could not be *proved*; for the female decoy who lured her to Paris disappeared—as might be expected—and Ellen H—— did not see her again. The woman who held the license of the house professed to know nothing about the case; and the French police gave her the benefit of the doubt. In an English court of justice it would doubtless have been different.

Sternest Inquiries Necessary.

But the tragedy of Ellen H——'s life points a clear moral to thousands of girls situated as she was at the outset. All, unless they are very wary, may fall victims to the foreign procurer, who offers employment abroad. We repeat our warning to English fathers and mothers against allowing their daughters to take any kind of situation on the Continent—whether as governesses, nurses, companions, or so forth, without making the sternest inquiries beforehand.

AUTHOR OF 'HUSH MONEY' WRITES SERIAL FOR 'MODERN MAN.'

VISITING DAY.

By E. Wade-Lang.

Mrs. Mayne's eyes were shining as she came out of her little house, and, closing the front door behind her, pushed against it to make sure it was shut.

She made her way to the suburban station, and soon was seated alone in a third-class carriage, a sense of comfort stealing over her as the train gathered motion.

Houses and open spaces wound past the window; the engine puffed fussily at intervals the carriage shook as its wheels struggled over the points: and to the grinding sound of the brakes prefaced a stop at a station.

All this while Mrs. Mayne sat motionless, gazing at nothing in particular, a pale and patient looking woman, still wearing black for her husband. Once she got up to look longingly at the framed photographs facing her, and then resumed her seat with a sigh.

But she brightened up as the train drew up at the next station, and a minute or two later she was passing now shops in an outer suburb, finally entering a confectioner's shop and emerging with a bulky paper bag.

She went on her way—but suddenly halted. With wistful expression she regarded the contents of a toy-shop window, hastily made up her mind, and, making another purchase, came out smiling recklessly.

Soon she was passing through a sort of parkland, following a path which climbed towards a clump of trees, which partially sheltered a handsome old house. Perforce she had to slacken her pace a little, and while she paused her eyes were attracted to the vivid green foliage of the trees. They gave her a stab of pain, and she walked on now with her face lifted up a little, as if in instinctive supplication.

She reached the house at last, and could hear as she did so the chirruping of children at play.

Up several broad steps into a big cool hall, where a rosy-faced girl of about fourteen years came out of a room and spoke to her. Then down long corridors, with the sound of children everywhere, until at last they stopped at a door, and Mrs. Mayne entered.

It was a bright and airy room, and in it were a number of other women, very like Mrs. Mayne, and surrounding them a crowd of small children. A nurse rose up from a baize-green table, and came forward to greet the visitor.

At the did so one of the small children—almost the littlest present—opened her eyes wide and said slowly, on the changing notes of soft wonder:

"Why, there's my mummy!"

Swiftly Mrs. Mayne laid down her parcels and caught up the child, straining her blindly to her breast with shut eyes.

* * *

"And I've brought a dolly, too," said Mrs. Mayne.

The child promptly discarded the piece of cake she was eating, and took it and examined it. The way she set it on her lap was quaintly like the way her mother was nursing her at the very moment.

How soon the minutes fled!

Mrs. Mayne explained to the nurse that she had a couple of "gentlemen" now (meaning lodgers), and that they gave her a heap of trouble, but were quite nice gentlemen all the same. The nurse listened languidly.

The child looked pathetically bewildered as her mother made ready to go. She was yet too young to understand this intermittent visiting. "Oh, mummy," she sobbed. But the firm experienced nurse soon soothed her.

And Mrs. Mayne walked shakily back to the station. She did not complain; it was good for her child to be brought up in such an institution. Indeed, she was grateful. But sometimes, nevertheless, a part of her rebelled. It was not easy to be grateful, and harder still to be brave.

For there was something drear and unnatural in having to go back to her home and its two "gentlemen"—alone.

THE GREAT UNPAID.

After a two-and-a-half-hours' hearing before a certain bench of magistrates, a charge of assault came to no definite issue—the magistrates being equally divided. This is one of the results of our antiquated system of appointing justices of the peace.

We do not suppose that a stipendiary magistrate, sitting alone, is absolutely infallible. But we would rather back a trained lawyer to weigh evidence than some of the Great Unpaid—worthy and conscientious gentlemen as they may be.

COMMENT AND HUMOUR.

From Here and There.

Mr. Harry Lauder took part in the Scotch play, "A Scrape o' the Pen." Now let him give a turn at "Little Miss Llewelyn," a Welsh play, and we guarantee there will be a big gathering of apLauders in front. (N.B.: This pun is for Welsh readers only.)

* * *

What to do with our Suffragettes need no longer be a disturbing problem. There are five men to every two women in the Falkland Isles. The total population is 3,275, of which 1,965 are women, and 2,310 belong to the inferior sex.

* * *

Some people have strange notions what constitutes a joke. Quite recently a newly married couple were forced into a gaudily painted lion's cage, and were driven through many streets with blaring brass bands tooting the latest love ditties, while the laughing crowds in the procession and along the thoroughfares cheered the caged couple to the echo!

* * *

In a sermon the other day, a clergyman named Merril said "If any poor, bashful man in my congregation has fallen in love with some worthy woman and wants to meet her for a wife, I will see that he is introduced, has a place to court, will help him get his license, pay for it, if necessary, marry him free of charge, and furnish him with a wedding certificate, which he may hang over the motto, 'God bless our home.'"

Several young men have taken their pastor at his word.

* * *

There are more discoveries and inventions for destroying life than for preserving it. A new gas has just been discovered which, on the explosion of a cartridge in an enclosed area will in a few seconds asphyxiate any persons present. The learned discoverer of this gas would do well to keep his knowledge to Himself. If, in addition to the danger of a sudden outbreak of fire at the theatre, we are to run the risk, when we pay our hard-earned money to see some play, of having some practical joker from the gallery throw a cartridge of this wonderful new gas into the pit for the pleasure of seeing the "bloated aristocrats" in the pit-stalls in a state of asphyxiation—well, life is not worth living.

* * *

Our Confectionery Note: Puff Pastry.

FOR FULL DETAILS OF FIRSTS AND LASTS SEE PAGE 1583.

OUR FOOTBALL SURVEY.

Teams and Their Prospects.

The matches set for decision on Saturday present an interesting study, and it is pretty certain that some keenly contested games will be witnessed. One of the most attractive of the series will be that at Roker Park, where Sunderland entertain the "Villains."

Showing Better Form.

The home team commenced the season in a most unsatisfactory manner, losing match after match, and on their own ground were not equal to holding the "Spurs," who gained their first point of the season up north. Lately, however, they have improved to a great extent, and are sure to give the Villa a good game, the outcome of which may be a draw.

I have just referred to the "Spurs," which reminds me that they have a stiff task on in attempting to overcome Newcastle.

Chelsea at Blackburn.

Should the "Spurs" succeed in holding their opponents, it looks as though this is as much as Londoners can expect from their representatives in the premier division, for it is not likely that Chelsea will extract anything out of their visit to Blackburn, and after their recent failures, one cannot have any confidence in the ability of Woolwich Arsenal to cause the supporters of the Wednesday team many anxious moments in the town of "Blades." Oldham Athletic are doing quite as well as even the most optimistic of their supporters could wish for, but they will probably meet with a check at Derby.

Fulham's Proud Record.

In the Second Division, the majority of the "B's" will wage "war" amongst themselves, Burnley being due to visit the cupholders, whilst Birmingham are at home to Bristol City.

Of the eight matches the two first-mentioned teams have taken part in during the last four years, Burnley have won five, but except on one occasion, only a goal has separated them, so that it should again be a near thing, with Barnsley likely to reverse previous decisions and win by the odd goal in three.

Bristol City have had a fair season so far, but Birmingham can claim to be a good bit above them all round, and should justify that claim by gaining both points.

Fulham have a home record of which they have every reason to be proud, but will not have an easy job to maintain it when they entertain Hull City, who have lowered the colours of the Craven Cottage team before their own crowd in the two previous matches.

However, I think Fulham should just about pull through. On the run of the season's play, Clapton should overcome Grimsby, even though they will be at a disadvantage in playing away from home.

The Southern League.

In the Southern League, West Ham will endeavour to repeat last year's performance, when they came away from Brentford with the full quota of points. The Griffin Park team are not the luckiest in the league, and if it goes against them at all in this game they will probably be beaten.

Bristol Rovers do not occupy a very prominent position in the table, but they are nevertheless a difficult lot to beat on their own ground, as at least a couple of admittedly better teams have reason to know, and Portsmouth, when they journey to Stapleton Road on Saturday, will have all their work cut out if they are to win, and quite likely will have to be content to make a draw of it.

Erratic Southampton.

Neither Gillingham or Watford are above the average, but they should put up a good game, which the former, playing on their own ground, may win.

But for the fact that they are somewhat erratic, Southampton, on their best form, could be made out to hold a chance of vanquishing Plymouth, but one can never tell just how they are going to shape, whereas we can depend on Plymouth, and for that reason I vote for the Home Park team.

MY NOTE BOOK.

AUTHOR OF 'HUSH MONEY' AND 'CONVICT 99' WRITES SERIAL FOR 'MODERN MAN.'

This week I have the great satisfaction of being able to announce that, beginning with next week, the first instalment of a powerful melodramatic serial from the pen of no less a popular writer than Marie Connor Leighton, will appear in *Modern Man*. The information will, I feel sure, be heartily welcomed by my thousands of readers in all parts of the country, and, although it is really unnecessary, I can assure them that the author of "Hush Money," "Convict 99" and many other stories which have created such a profound impression, will repeat her achievement in the story to appear in our columns. So

LOOK OUT FOR OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL NEXT WEEK,

and, in addition, please tell all your friends about it.

* * *

FOOTBALL MONEY WINNERS.

As will be seen by a reference to page 1,583, four readers—three in London and one in Sunderland—are prize winners in our No. 2 Football Competition. I heartily congratulate them upon their present success, and there is no reason why they should not carry off our premier prize—£250. If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.

By the way, are you going in for Firsts and Lasts? It cannot fail to be a fascinating pastime. So send your coupons along early.

* * *

MORMON MISSIONARIES IN MERTHYR.

Information has reached me from Merthyr Tydvil that Mormons are busy in the district, and I have been asked to print the following:

"My wife is a young and good-looking girl, and on four occasions she has been subjected to a forced conversation and recital of the beauties of Salt Lake City by these visitors. Their manner, conversation, and address have been such that she could not take exception, but to the man who knows their thoughts, and the women who listen to them, the knowledge of these visits is torture. I only hope to be at home when one of these gentlemen call, and I assure you I shall not be answerable for the consequences. Perhaps you would be good enough to give the matter publicity until such time as our legislature can provide an instrument for their extermination.—I am sir, yours truly, YOUNG HUSBAND."

"Nelson" informs me:

"There are two Mormon Elders stationed in the district. One is a Canadian and has to stay in this country for two years by order of the Mormon Church—(two years too long).

"He denies that any plural marriages take place in Utah, and has given me a pamphlet offering a reward of £200, which you have spoken about in *Modern Man*. When I told him of the accusations made by you he refused to discuss the matter, and therefore I prefer believing you to him."

* * *

THE SOCIABILITY OF AMERICANS.

As I have many times said, I am always pleased to hear from my readers both at home and abroad. "P.B." has just furnished me with some interesting news from Hamilton, Canada, where he seems to be doing very well. I wish him continued prosperity. In the course of his letter "P.B." writes:

"I have lived among Americans now for about three years, and have found them more sociable and kind in many ways than English people. I was born in England, but as I could not get a living I came to this country, where there is work for all who want it. Living and working conditions are far ahead of those in the Old Country. Hamilton has a population of 85,000, and is the most Americanised city in the Dominion. It is run with American money. We have about 400 manufacturing industries here, and the city is called the Pittsburg of Canada. It is a good place for Englishmen to settle, and if any of your readers are intending to come to Canada, I shall be pleased to write them a letter giving them what information I can. They should give me an idea of the kind of work they intend to take up, and I would tell them what pay they would receive. . . . Every success to *Modern Man*."

Letters sent to me for "P.B." will be forwarded to him; and, personally, I thank him for his good wishes.

YOUR EDITOR.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE AND WIN OUR PRIZES.

THE MODERN MAN.—No. 19: SIR W. H. LEVER.

This strong man, who, it is reported, has purchased historic Stafford House, the palatial London residence of the Duke of Sutherland, was born at Bolton sixty-one years ago, and before he was twenty, after receiving a good commercial education, he entered the grocery business of his father, who had worked his way up to good standing in the town as a wholesale grocer of unimpeachable reputation.

A few years under his father qualified Sir William Lever for business on an independent footing, and, though continuing to live at Bolton, he started a little grocery business at Wigan. He worked hard; travelling every morning from Bolton to Wigan, he was on hand to see the premises opened before 7 a.m. each day. He deserved success, and he won it.

The grocery business became a biggish thing, and when he was six-and-thirty he was able to sell it to a limited company for £30,000.

Probably he would not have sold at all, but for the fact that a year earlier he had become possessed of a little soap factory at Warrington.

In time the business was bursting the walls of his Warrington establishment, and Port Sunlight was opened in 1880. The business runs to all points of the compass, and when he sets out to survey his property he eclipses the feats which the novelists imagine, for he simply has to put a girdle round the earth. The ramifications of the firm are world-wide, and when he goes stocktaking, as he periodically does, he has to make a journey right round the earth.

Sir William has represented Birkenhead and the Wirral Division of Cheshire in the House of Commons.

Queen Victoria, when visiting Stafford House on one occasion, said to her intimate friend, the then Duchess of Sutherland, "I have come from my house to your mansion."

WE ALL LIKE MONEY. MAKE IT WHILE YOU CAN.

The Servant Trouble: Are Mistresses or Maids to Blame?

The servant problem is again to the fore, and Lady Willoughby de Broke is among those who have expressed their opinions on the subject.

Although wages have risen considerably in the past ten years, yet domestic servants are more difficult to procure than ever, and many families have been driven to give up housekeeping and take to flat or hotel life. Who is to blame for this state of things? Are the mistresses worthy of nothing but pity, or have the maids good ground of complaint?

Anything But a Pearl.

To add to the difficulty of getting servants at all, the average young girl entering service has next to no training. She cannot, like Jenny Wren in the song, either "cook or sew or knit," so from her mistress's point of view, she is anything but a "pearl of a girl." The mistress has to teach her everything, and then, no sooner has she learnt a little than on she goes, often for no reason whatever except that "she likes a change."

No one can deny that some mistresses who deserve well of those whom they employ have been treated with such ingratitude by their servants that they have lost heart altogether.

But there are always two sides to a shield, and fair-minded people must look at matters not only from the mistress's point of view, but also from that of the maid. In large households domestic servants have little to complain of from any material point of view. They are fed well and well housed. But in humbler homes the conditions are rarely so good. Especially in towns do the conditions under which servants live leave much to be desired. A box room or even a bath room is considered good enough for the maid. In the little suburban villas, where only one maid is kept, as often as not she is forced to sleep in a dark and damp basement or even in the kitchen.

Frequently she has no fixed times for her meals, and is obliged to take them between intervals of cooking and washing up, without even laying a table cloth, and liable to be called away in the middle by the sudden ringing of a bell.

Looked Upon as Enemies.

General servants of this kind have a wretched life. They come to look upon all employers as their natural enemies, and even when they do fall into better hands seldom reciprocate.

Maids of a better class have a different cause for complaint. There are many women, well off, who move in good society, whose manners in public leave nothing to be desired, yet who seem absolutely unable to recognise the fact that their maids are human beings. These do not fail in the matter of feeding their dependents, nor in housing them, nor in giving them the usual holidays. They do not even overwork them. But, for the rest, their maids are mere machines. They must look neat, do their work well, and keep stated hours. Beyond that the mistress knows no more of them than if they were strangers whom she passed in the street.

Who is there who works for a living who does not value a word of praise? Who does not work the better if they feel that their efforts are appreciated? Is any one so stolid and self-sufficient that they can do without sympathy from their employers?

Lack of Appreciation.

The lack of human appreciation is the hardest part of the lot of a conscientious servant. Her other principal grievance is, as she says herself, that she isn't independent. Her hours are indefinite. She has only an evening and an afternoon a week, which she can call her own, while her sister in a factory or doing typewriting has half Saturday and all Sunday. Also she has no home in which to receive her friends.

If mistresses would consider these matters, and try to see things to some extent at least through the eyes of their servants, it is not only probable but certain that matters would mend, and the lot of maids and mistresses alike be greatly improved.

Outraged British Matron: "Impudent hussy, I calls 'er. There's nobody'd catch me a makin' such a show of myself."

Duties of Mothercraft.

A real live baby is the latest addition to the school [illegible] at Acton. Every morning the little scholar appears [illegible] classes, where it is "experimented" on by the local school-girls, who thus receive practical lessons in the care of an infant.

Banana Crate as Cradle.

The girls receive instruction on how to bath the baby, how to take it out of the cradle (which, by the way, consists of a banana crate, costing twopence, placed on two chairs tied together at the legs); how the little mite should be dressed, and how to prepare the proper food and serve it in a feeding bottle.

Several education authorities are now beginning to recognise the need for this training, so as to fit the girls for their own sphere of life and its attendant duties. The course of instruction in the centres established by the Cheshire Education Committee, for instance, consists of several weeks' training in all the duties of a housewife, including shopping, cookery, preparation of dinner, bread and cake making, care of kitchen and pantry, washing up, care of cupboards, laundry, house-cleaning and the like.

Lead to Other Authorities.

Simple theoretical lessons are also given on the choice of food, and food values, sanitation, personal hygiene, care of the sick, care of children, the feeding of infants, and the right expenditure of household income. [illegible] girls are thoroughly instructed in every department of the work, regard being given to the growth of resourcefulness, thrift, and intelligent economy. The girls remain to dinner, with the advantage that they buy, prepare, cook and serve the meal which they themselves eat, and by this means failure is remembered and success duly appreciated.

This is no doubt a step in the right direction, and we should like to see every educational authority making more experiments in this way. They would be conferring a real boon on the coming generation, and one that will be highly appreciated.

THERE IS NO LONG WAIT FOR PUBLISHED RESULTS.

FIRSTS AND LASTS

Great New Money-making and Fascinating Winter Evening Pastime.

Big Cash Prizes for Clever Readers.

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" is our latest Grand Competition for the amusement and substantial profit of our thousands of Readers. Whatever amount is received, be it

£200

or more the whole will be distributed among the competitors sending in what are adjudicated by a competent staff to be the best "Firsts and Lasts." Here Readers have the opportunity of providing themselves with magnificent prizes. So begin now and go on building; the bigger the better.

How to make Firsts and Lasts.

Many [illegible] what is meant by "Firsts and Lasts." If you examine the two words Trick Cyclists, you will find the first and last letters are "T" and "S," so that your "Firsts and Lasts" might be Turn Somersaults.

"Firsts and Lasts" must be written on coupons taken from this page, and each coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence.

These should be made payable to "Modern Man" and crossed "and Co." Do not send cheques.

You may send in two "Firsts and Lasts" on each coupon for Sixpence.

If any question arises as to the awards, or any other matter relating to the competition, the same must be decided by the Editor, whose decision is final, and readers are only allowed to enter on this understanding.

Competitors may send in as many "Firsts and Lasts" as they like, but every double attempt must be written in ink on the coupons provided and accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence.

In sending more than one coupon a Postal Order for the amount covering the number dispatched will do.

Postal Orders only should be sent.

This week "Firsts and Lasts" may be constructed from the following examples:—

GOVERNMENT DEFEATED.	MORMON PERIL.
SUNDAY DESECRATION.	COLD WEATHER.
TELEPHONE TROUBLE.	PICTURE SHOWS.
STREET DANGERS.	BRAVE MEN.
UNSETTLED EUROPE.	WHIST DRIVES.
CENSORED PLAYS.	DEAR PETROL.

"Firsts and Lasts" Coupon No. 2.

CLOSES NOV. 26th.

WORDS SELECTED.	"FIRSTS AND LASTS."
Name	Name and Address of Newsagent.
Address	
No. Postal Order	

If you use one coupon send Sixpence, if you use both of these coupons send One Shilling.

WORDS SELECTED.	"FIRSTS AND LASTS."
Name	Name and Address of Newsagent.
Address	
No. Postal Order	

Send in by Tuesday, 26th November. But don't wait till the Closing Day. Whenever received, every Coupon will be judged solely on its merits, but Competitors are requested to send their attempts as early as possible to facilitate the work of adjudicating. Please mark envelopes "Firsts and Lasts," "Modern Man" Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., and write "Competition" in the top left-hand corner of the envelopes.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR NEWSAGENTS.—In order to encourage newsagents, booksellers, etc., who sell MODERN MAN to take an interest in our "Firsts and Lasts" Competition, we invite readers to fill in space allowed the name and address of the Newsagent or other person from whom he or she purchased MODERN MAN so that special prizes may be awarded.

FOUR READERS DIVIDE £25.

No. 2 FOOTBALL COMPETITION:

In our No. 2 Football Competition four readers succeeded in forecasting eleven correct results out of the sixteen matches given, and, therefore, take the £25, each receiving £6 5s.

The prize winners are:—

L. BOLAM, 6, Marsden Terrace, Fulwell, Sunderland.
ALFRED ALLEN, 2, Loudoun Mews, South Hampstead, N.W.
ALBERT A. LEOPOLD, 531, Holloway Road, London, N.
G. W. CAMERON, 089, Romford Road, Manor Park, E.

McKinley Overcoats.

Warmth, comfort, and perfection of fit and style are the characteristics of every McKinley Overcoat. In a McKinley Coat a man looks well and feels well. That's because the McKinley garments are made from the best Scotch and English materials, are cut and tailored by experts, and have nothing shoddy about them, inside or out. Yet the McKinley prices compare most favourably with those of other high-class firms.

Overcoats (to measure) **30/- to 50/-**
Suits - - (to measure) **35/- to 55/-**

Carriage Paid. No extras. Money refunded if you are not completely satisfied.

SEND TO-DAY for Booklet M.M. and our splendid range of Autumn and Winter Patterns. They will be sent to you free and post paid, together with latest Fashion Plates, Tape Measure, and the McKinley Scientific Self-measurement Chart, which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. Write now—or call.

C. & G. McKINLEY, Tailoring Specialists
(Tailoring Dept.), 7, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Opposite G.P.O.

FILLING IN COUPONS CAN BE MADE VERY REMUNERATIVE.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. XVIII.—A QUESTION OF LOYALTY.

By ADAM STERN,
Author of the well-known Selby Series which appeared in "Modern Man."

Dunlop Kane got up, and went to answer the knock on the door of his bachelor's flat. A tall and sleek, handsome man stood there, irreproachably dressed in top silk hat and overcoat, and with a suave smile on his clean-shaven face.

"Mr. Dunlop Kane, I believe?"

"That's my name," said Kane. "Will you come in, Mr Tishart?"

The gentleman addressed gave a start of surprise, then, obeying the behest, he stepped into the comfortably furnished sitting-room. Kane relieved him of his hat and gestured him to a seat.

"How did you know my name?" inquired the other, when Kane with his easy nonchalance had dropped into the armchair opposite.

"I think everyone knows Mr. Tishart—everyone, that is, with an eye for the inner workings of the shop world of London."

"And here have I, for the past five years or more," responded Mr. Tishart, with a laugh of annoyance, "been soothing myself with the delusion that I was a wholly undistinguished and obscure person!"

"Too much modesty is to be avoided in a blatant world," quoth Dunlop Kane, usually oracular when feeling most good-tempered. It was undoubtedly a compliment to be visited gratuitously by one of the commercial personages of the metropolis.

"But still, seeing that you know so much about me, more quite naturally, than I know myself, we can proceed without further delay to the object of my visit."

"Will you smoke?" said Kane, offering him his cigar case. They settled themselves comfortably.

"Let me lead off with a question," said Mr. Tishart "How much experience had you of emporiums and such like, before you entered Mr. Prosing's establishment in High Holborn?"

"None," said Kane. "I was a gilded idler till nearly thirty—brought up to be the son of a gentleman."

"But you have been in America, surely?"

"Only as a visitor. I was void of any business ambitions at that particular period of my unenlightened youth."

"Then Prosings was your first place. And in a matter of eighteen months you have worked yourself up to be a power in the establishment! That is distinctly an achievement, Mr. Kane, and you are entitled to be proud of it."

He watched Dunlop Kane narrowly, for an expression of pleased satisfaction; for he was a believer in the efficacy of flattery. But Dunlop Kane looked imperturable.

"Mr. Prosing is certainly lucky, in more respects than one," said Kane. "I am continually impressing the fact upon him."

"It would be an unpardonable liberty, I presume, to invite your confidence as to the salary he pays you?"

"It would," said Kane.

"Would seven hundred a year be a pill that would attract you?"

"Perhaps," said Kane. "It would depend on what the medicine was."

Mr. Tishart paused a little. He removed his cigar and leaned forward in his armchair to deliver himself of a word slowly and distinctly.

"Caxfurds," he said.

Caxfurds was then the celebrated stores in Oxford-street, where you could buy half as much for a sovereign as ten shillings would buy elsewhere. But then, you stopped at Caxfurds!

"Well?" said Kane pleasantly.

"I am prepared to offer you a post at Caxfurds—a very important post—at a salary of seven hundred pounds a year, with a three years' agreement, and a rise each year of a hundred, bringing it up to a thousand pounds."

"What is the post?" asked Kane.

Mr. Tishart deliberated for a moment. He did not seem anxious to deliver a plain answer.

"Manager," he said at last.

"Through and through?"

"A to Z, Mr. Kane. We are clearing out the present man, and putting in a newer. We want fresh brains and fresh ideas."

"Would the manager have a free hand, may I ask?" put in Kane.

"Subject only to my supervision, yes. And that, I can assure you, only on rare occasions."

"I wonder whether you would be a hard man to work under?" said Kane, speculatively.

The other let fall a laugh. He liked Dunlop Kane's fearlessness. "I am fairly rigid when I'm convinced I am in the right. But that doesn't preclude me from admitting I am often in the wrong!"

"I see," said Kane, who nodded with a gleam of amusement.

An interval followed. Both men seemed to realise the value of a well-timed silence.

"Well?" said Mr. Tishart.

"I would take on that job," said Kane, "at three thousand a year, ten per cent. of the nett profits, and a five years' agreement!"

Mr. Tishart gasped.

"But only on the condition," pursued Kane, "that I had absolute *carte blanche* in the formation of its new policy."

It took Mr. Tishart several moments to recover. "I really don't doubt it," he remarked dryly; "but such plutocratic offers are not flying in the wind just now."

"Then the business is off," said Kane.

"But, my dear Mr. Kane, the business simply wouldn't stand it!"

"Why not?" asked Kane, with the swiftness of a lightning flash.

Mr. Tishart suddenly stood up, with the suspicion of a flush on his cheeks. "I am really very sorry," he said suavely, "that a satisfactory arrangement seems a remote possibility."

Dunlop Kane shared his sorrow. He ushered out his guest with the utmost good humour.

* * *

A few weeks later Mr. Tishart ran across Mr. Prosing coming out of the Savoy, and hailed him pleasantly with all the friendliness of a rival. "By the way," he remarked, in the course of their having a drink together, "Caxfurds is in the market—would you like to make a bid for it?"

"Not I," said Mr. Prosing, fervently.

"It's going cheap."

"It couldn't go too cheap."

The same evening Dunlop Kane was summoned to Mr. Prosing's room, where he found his chief in a state of ebullient emotion.

"My dear, dear boy," said Mr. Prosing, grasping and wringing his hand, "I learned to-day, strictly from a private source, that you had refused an offer to go over to the enemy. Caxfurds isn't worth a damn, of course, but the plan, as I understand it, was to associate you with a failure, and then, with your confidence shaken, they could buy you at their own price."

"Just so," said Kane, who did not appear surprised.

"Let me thank you from my heart for such evidence of splendid loyalty."

"The fact of the matter was," said Kane, "I was perfectly sure I should get better terms from you."

"Eh?" said Mr. Prosing, weakly.

"A thousand a year will be enough to go on with."

(Another complete story next week.)

What's in your Cigarette?

You really ought to know.

The BEST safeguard is to make your own, selecting a Good Tobacco and rolling it in the well-known Cigarette Paper "A.G."

The Brand "A.G" is guaranteed pure and free from chemicals, thus ensuring a *Cool* and *More Lasting* smoke.

The special process of manufacture imparts to

"A.G." Cigarette Paper

that essential strength combined with extreme thinness which go to make up the perfect cigarette.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

PAGES 1577 AND 1583 WILL INFORM YOU HOW IT IS DONE.

FOLLOWING THE U.S.A.

Suggested Consumers' Leagues.

The failure of the recent Labour Revolt, and especially of the great strikes, to benefit the mass of the people has led to the suggestion of a new movement of remarkable interest.

This movement is based on a recognition of the fact that, as the Board of Trade figures show, while in five leading industries, to wit, building, coal mining, engineering, textiles and agriculture, there has been no increase in wages since 1900, and while in other trades their have been actual decreases, prices have risen so that £1 nowadays purchases only what 17s. got ten years ago.

Some Convincing Figures.

A simple budget constructed on the basis of actual 1910 prices charged by a good family grocer, shows the following:—

	1900	1910
2lb. Sifted Sugar	0 5½	0 7
2lb. Loaf Sugar	0 4½	0 6
1½lb. Butter	1 3	1 4
1 doz. Eggs....	1 7	1 10
1lb. Currants	0 5	0 6
½lb. Sultanas	0 3½	0 4½
7lb. Self-raising Flour ...	1 1	1 4
6lb. Beef	4 9	5 6
2lb. Bacon	1 11	2 8
6 Loaves	1 6	1 9
	13 7¾	16 4½

The new movement seeks to find a remedy for this upward rise in prices by establishing in all the great towns Consumers' Leagues, along the lines of the organisations that have led to such astonishing results in various parts of the United States.

Campaign Against Adulteration.

First of all, the local leagues are all to be federated. They will all have "White" and "Black" lists of traders—wholesale and retail. When necessary, they will not scruple to organise a "boycott" of any who persist in charging too much, or selling bad goods. On the other hand, they will help the good tradesman by putting in his way an immense body of custom, for it is intended that every housewife should join the Consumers' League, whose leaders will, therefore, have an immense power in their hands.

One part of the consumers' campaign seems likely to meet with very cordial support. The organisers of the league will conduct a vigorous campaign against adulteration. These practices the new league will fight tooth and nail, while encouraging by all possible means the honest trader.

THE LIFE WORTH LIVING.

We are pleased to learn that so many readers of *Modern Man* have proved for themselves the veracity of the claims put forward by the Principal of Holborn Hall College. This institution is pre-eminent, for it is the only school which guarantees a speed of 80 words a minute to every student taking up the all-important subject of shorthand, and which fulfils its obligations to the letter.

Coveted and Responsible Posts.

By means of the marvellous "New Rapid" lessons in the Sloan-Duployan system, shorthand surely has been transformed into a veritable pleasure, and the saving of time is so enormous that students are enabled to walk into good positions within one month.

We understand that at the present time the names of at least two titled ladies appear as students on the register of the college, as does also that of an heir of an Irish earldom and a Portuguese nobleman.

New Rapid students have found coveted and responsible positions in the service of such exalted persons as the Duchess of Sutherland, the Earl of Strafford, and the ex-Lord Mayor of London, whilst only last week a student of the college applied for and obtained a secretarial appointment in the service of the Duke of Grafton.

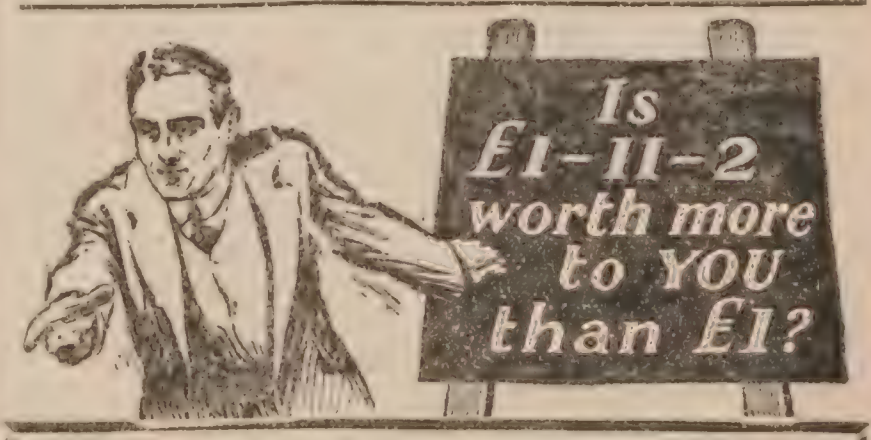
When one considers that only six or at the most eight weeks' study is necessary to obtain such splendid appointments—and that, as a fact, New Rapid students are always successful when applying for high-grade secretarial posts, one can only wonder why it is that anyone can prefer or allow themselves to be persuaded into taking up courses which mean two years' hard work and little prospect of a well-paid position in the future.

Praise from Readers.

Modern Man has received a great number of unsolicited testimonials from students who have been fortunate to be brought into contact with Mr. Hatchard, the Principal of Holborn Hall College, and who have proved the sterling worth of the New Rapid method for teaching shorthand, book-keeping and other subjects in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, but among the many who have been good enough to write us concerning their experiences of the treatment by this institution we have not received a solitary letter of complaint—not a single word of adverse criticism has reached us, but on the contrary one and all unite in bearing the highest possible testimony both to Mr. Hatchard and his specially trained staff of expert instructors, and also to the method employed at Holborn Hall for securing lightning results.

Thousand of Students.

As the students on the books can now be numbered by the thousand, this may speak for itself. We are very glad to give publicity to these eulogistic utterances.



5,521 I.C.S students reported increased pay last year. This year is better still up to date. The average increase reported was 11s. 2d. in £1. Thus, for every £1 they earned before enrolling with the I.C.S. they were earning at the end of last year £1 11s. 2d.

If £1 11s. 2d. is worth more to you than £1, *you* should secure an I.C.S. Training, which will qualify *you* for better pay. Every hour devoted to I.C.S. home-study is profitable. The I.C.S. Students' Aid Department assists students to secure well-paid positions. One example from thousands:

"I feel I ought to write to say how grateful I am to the Schools and to your Representative for securing a post for me with an increase in salary of 100 per cent."
W. J. BEADLE, Battle Sussex.

We will send you references to I.C.S. students in your own district. All information free—how to win better pay in your present work, or in another occupation. If £1 11s. 2d. is worth more to you than £1—then send this coupon *NOW*.

"The way to Better Pay is the I.C.S. way"
—over 170,000 I.C.S. students are convinced.

"Better Pay" Coupon

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(Please use full address.)

Please explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify for Better Pay in the position, trade, or profession, or gain a knowledge of the subject before which I have marked X (or in the one stated here .....)

—Book-keeping and Business Training	—Electrical Engineering	—Chemistry
—Modern Languages	—Mechanical Engineering	—Gas Power Engineering
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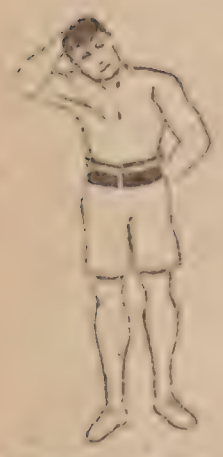

Resistance Exercise.

Stand erect with the feet slightly separated and the left arm behind the back.

Bend the neck so that the head is as near the left shoulder as possible, and place the right arm so that the wrist is at the back of the head and the fingers just behind the left ear.

Now pull the head slowly over towards the right, resisting all the time with the muscles of the neck as much as possible.

Having pulled the head as far over as possible, reverse the position of the hands and proceed to pull the head over towards the left, still resisting with the neck muscles.

In this way the neck and arm muscles are played off against one another, and the benefit will be mutual, although this is primarily a neck exercise.

The neck is one of those parts of the body which best repays systematic efforts to develop it, especially from the point of view of appearance.

Curly Hair.

"A few weeks ago," writes "Expectant" (Peckham), "you gave a prescription for darkening grey hair. Could you prescribe anything for making straight hair curly? I expect you'll think I'm vain, or worrying about trifles; but the inconvenience and annoyance that is caused by this 'complaint' is only understood by those who suffer from straight hair."

Now this is rather interesting, for as far as there is a fashion in masculine hair it is at present in favour of smooth, sleek hair, like that of the Rt. Hon. F. E. Smith, P.C., K.C., M.P., and the majority of men with curly, rebellious locks are assiduously engaged in plastering them down.

Personally, I think curly hair far more becoming to a man than straight, and the curly haired are usually popular, for as a rule curls are a sign of strong vitality, and go with a lively, sanguine, cheerful nature.

But alas! I cannot help "Expectant." I wish I could, for then I should soon make a fortune. Curling papers and tongs will, of course, produce temporary curls, but I know of nothing under the sun that will make naturally straight hair curl permanently.

The only consolation I can offer my correspondent is that possibly his hair is not naturally straight.

The curliest of heads will become straight and dank if the owner is ill or below par.

Let "Expectant" try by every means in his power to increase his vitality—plenty of outdoor exercise, good, plain, nourishing food—and let him also vigorously brush his hair or rub it with a rough towel or glove, night and morning, until the scalp glows and tingles, and he may be rewarded with at least a distinct "wave" in his linear locks.

Answers to Correspondents.

A.W.P. (Stavely, Westmorland).—To increase your height you cannot do better than place yourself in the hands of Mr. Girvan.

R.L.M. (Oldham).—Your projecting shoulder blades are probably due to your having outgrown your strength. You want to feed up, and to take regular but strictly moderate exercise, carefully avoiding fatigue. A teaspoonful of pure olive oil two or three times a week would do you a world of good. Among indoor exercises skipping backwards for not more than two minutes morning and night would be beneficial.

Sleep on a hair mattress, and, if you can stand it, bathe in cold water.

G.B. (Brentford).—Here are two simple but excellent bending exercises: Standing upright bend over forward until you can touch your toes with the tips of your fingers, the legs being kept perfectly straight throughout.

Standing back to a wall, and at a convenient distance from it, bend over backwards until you can kiss the wall.

H.A.F. (Coventry).—Measurements excellent, but again I say to you, and every other reader, physical culture, to be beneficial, must be enjoyable.

J.L. (Hammersmith).—Brush or rub your hair morning and night until the scalp fairly tingles.

"ARTHUR" (Yarmouth).—Have your socks hand-knitted, with a separate stall for the big toe, and without seams. I prefer vaseline to soap.

N.P. (Hampstead).—Backward skipping is excellent for round shoulders.

H.L. (Upper Norwood).—Try rubbing your chilblains with slices of raw onion dipped in salt.

C.M. (Margate).—The usual cause of knock-knees is rickets in childhood.

T.S. (Norwich).—Measurements very good. In boxing a man is "down" when any part of his person is touching the floor, even though he still be on one or both feet. In amateur competitions rounds are limited to three, though an extra round may be ordered.

In professional boxing a man is allowed two seconds only, and it is a pity the rule is not more strictly enforced.

"PETE" (Brighton).—In paperchasing the fact that you can see a hare does not entitle you to follow him except by the trail.

OVER THE ROPES.

Boxers and Their Prospects.

Freddie Welsh, the popular little Pontypridd light-weight, retrieved his lost laurels by defeating his old opponent, Matt Wells, who robbed him of his beloved belt two years ago. Wells seemed the stronger man throughout, and used splendid footwork, but the Welshman's clever two-handed hitting and cunning in-fighting won him the decision.

They are clearly far and away the best men in their division, and another light-weight, who could come within a mile of winning the belt cannot yet be seen on the fistic horizon. A third match between the pair to definitely settle the question of superiority, would pack any hall from floor to ceiling.

* * *

Owen Moran, the Birmingham feather-weight, will box 20 rounds with Johnny Condon to-night at Birmingham, which should give Moran a bit of exercise. Condon says he will win, but Owen says he won't, so the matter is as good as settled.

* * *

Sid Burns and Johnny Summers will meet in a twenty-round "go" on December 9th for the Welter-weight Championship. Burns will be getting married on the 12th, i.e., three days after the match, and although Sidney has Johnny's heartfelt congratulations, the latter has no intentions whatever of utilising his Lonsdale Belt as a wedding present.

* * *

Gunner Moir has bobbed up again, and is down to box six rounds with Hawker Wilson, of Newcastle, at the National Sporting Club to-night. Wilson does not claim to be clever, neither does the Gunner, and nothing more than a few minutes of heavy wallops can be expected from these two warriors to-night.

* * *

Bombardier Wells is going over to France next Wednesday, where the French heavy-weight Pigot will have to take his medicine with as much dignity as Billy will allow. He will return to England almost before Pigot has realised what has hit him.

* * *

The Dixie Kid seems to be all in. His recent performances have shown that his old speed and stamina have deserted him. At any rate, he will have a chance of reinstating himself to-night, when he will box twenty three-minute rounds with Johnny Mathieson at the Ring. Harry Lewis will in all probability be matched with the winner. Harry has had a long rest from his strenuous ring work, and is now quite recovered from his recent illness. Boxing followers will welcome the popular American back to the ring, and Harry can be trusted to give the public a good show for their money.

Other Men's Estimation of You

depends very largely upon the strength of your Will-Power and Personality. "The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture" (Entered at Stationers' Hall) explicitly teaches how to develop your Will-Power and Personality, your powers of Concentration, Self-Reliance Self-Control, and Personal Magnetism to double their present strength in a few months. Your face and bearing will denote increased Strength of Character. **You will rise in the estimation of the men you meet.** The fee for the whole Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is only 2/6 (abroad 6d. extra). **This is your total expenditure.** Course sent in plain sealed package. Enrol to-day. Next week will see you delighted with your progress.

THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M), PERTH, N.B.

P.S.—The Editor and the P.C. Expert of "Modern Man" recommend "The St. Settef Course."

HEIGHT INCREASED.

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months, by means of my special exercises. No appliances, no drugs, no special diet. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN

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When replying to Advertisements, please mention "Modern Man."

FIRSTS AND LASTS IS A FASCINATING PASTIME.

THEATRE NOTES & NOTIONS.

What's On in Stageland.

Words can hardly express my gratitude to the Alhambra management for their plucky and decisive extinction of "The Mastery of Music." The scarcity of British turns of the best quality, and a supply of variety houses somewhat in excess of the public demand owing to the ambitious designs of wealthy variety concerns, have recently conduced to the production of a type of Continental turn which panders unduly to the salacious element among modern audiences.

"The Mastery of Music," despite its æsthetic title, was undoubtedly well qualified for inclusion in this unwholesome category, and Messrs. Charlot and Leveaux deserve the thanks of the bulk of playgoers for so intelligently anticipating the potential attentions of the censor, without the slightest direct indication of any probability of such attentions materialising.

* * * *

How Miss Muriel Ridley, who, together with Irvine, of "Spielmann" fame, may easily claim to be among the very foremost of mimetic artists, came to be associated with the undressy sketch above-mentioned is not at all easy to understand! Her finished dramatic art is worthy of much better material.

* * *

Congratulations to Mr. Meyer on "The Glad Eye's" birthday. Although just a wee bit naughtier than it really should be, the superlative acting and the finished balcony business should ensure its glad listening to full houses until it has to make way for a new production in a few weeks time.

* * *

Miss Horniman's production of Mr. S. Houghton's "Hindle Wakes," late of the Playhouse, has been banned so far as Oxford is concerned, by the Vice-Chancellor of the University. One gathers that Miss Horniman would like to emphasise certain other attributes in that little prefix "vice" to the luckless Chancellor's title, for she overstrains herself to a quite ridiculous extent in her observation that "Oxford is the home of lost causes."

I think that remark was a sacrifice of sound commonsense at the altar of journalistic euphemism. What price the Prince of Wales as a "lost cause," anyhow?

* * *

"Instinct" and "Rosalind," the worthy survivor of that egotistic but defeated triple presentation, comprise the new bill at the Duke of York's. "Instinct" is the second adaptation from Kistemaecker now playing in London (the other is "The Turning Point" at St. James'). One readily forgives him for sounding like a Balkan battle, for his plots are brainy. And the play's the thing!

* * *

I am delighted to welcome old friends, and here in "Instinct" I recognised the dear old thriller, "The Knife," in which Mr. Bourchier made his variety debut at the Palace some four years ago, elaborated and re-set as a three-act play. This, of course, is coincidence, and very happy coincidence too!

* * *

Matinees of the full evening programme are now being held every Thursday afternoon at the Victoria Palace.

ALWAYS UP-TO-DATE.

The house of Curzon, aptly patronymiced the hub of the tailoring world, is essentially established for the Modern Man. Replete with every modern, up-to-date facility, focussing the supplies of some of the largest mills in the country, commanding the most expert craftsmen and designers in London, all under the direct supervision of the principals, it is not surprising that the house of Curzon stands so thoroughly for efficiency.

Every day Curzon's are applying their energies to the production of something of an unusual nature, and specialising is the keynote of their service. To-day they are producing a guaranteed all wool double-breasted overcoat to measure at 23s. 6d. This coat is cut in smart, flowing lines, and is distinctly the coat for the modern man.

Curzons have a wonderful system of self-measurement, guaranteeing customers residing at a distance perfect fitting garments, without the necessity of visiting their London showrooms.

CORRESPONDENT'S BUREAU.

"AUTO" (Bristol).—There is not a *Modern Man* club in Bristol. Why don't you start one, and thus remedy a state of affairs which distinctly is not to the credit of Bristol men?

J.F.E. (Sydenham).—The pipe is wrong, not the tobacco. Get an Unbay pipe, to be obtained from the Unbay Pipe Co., 51, Commerce House, Clerkenwell Road, London.

"LEAGUER" (Shoeburyness).—Write to British School of Wireless Telegraphy, 179, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

C.G. (Cork).—To destroy and also prevent fleas spray your dog with the following lotion: Oil of Eucalyptus, 2 drachms; Terebene, 2 drachms; Carbolic Acid, ½ drachm; Liquor Ammonia, 2 drachms; Rose Water, 10 ounces.

T. McG. (Brixton) invites me to perform the invidious task of naming the four best British Rugby half-backs since the game was founded. I don't suppose my selection will please everybody, but I shall plump for A. R. Don Wauchope (Scotland), Alan Rotherham (England), Louis Magee (Ireland), and A. D. Stoop (England).

I will go even further, and say thatfor speed, combined with dodging power, Mr. Don Wauchope has never been equalled, far less surpassed.

TOBACCO HABIT Conquered in 3 days.

I offer a genuine guaranteed remedy for tobacco or snuff habit in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar **nervousness** and craving for **cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff**; they are **poisonous** and seriously **injurious to health**, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, **sleeplessness,** gas, belching, **gnawing,** or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach, **constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigour, red spots on skin, throat irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, melancholy,** neurasthenia, impotency, loss of memory and will power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, **heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite,** bad teeth, **foul breath,** enervation, lassitude, **lack of ambition,** falling out of hair, baldness, and many other disorders. **It is unsafe and torturing** to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by merely stopping—don't do it. The gentle, safe, agreeable way is to **eliminate the nicotine poison** from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves, and genuinely overcome the craving. You can give up tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better, while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the **wonderful 3 days' Method.** Inexpensive, reliable. Also **Secret Method** for conquering habit in another **without his knowledge.** Full particulars, including my **Book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit,** sent in plain wrapper, **free.** Don't delay. Keep this: show to others. This advt. may not appear again. Address:

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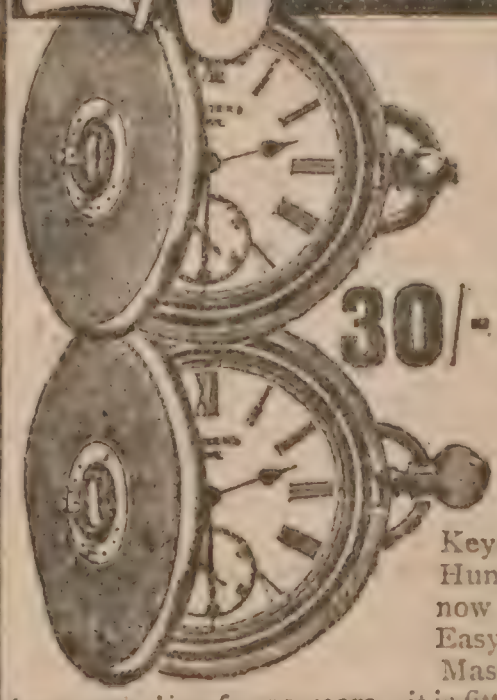

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30/-

TO ENABLE every English Workman who reads this paper to own a reliable Watch, **MASTERS, LTD.,** offer their World-famed **"VERACITY" LEVER WATCH.**

Keywind or Keyless, in Full Hunting Silver Cases 35/- now reduced to 30/- on Easy Terms, 2/6 monthly. Masters' "Veracity" will keep true time for 20 years—it is fitted in Solid Silver Cases, Lever Movement, Dust proofCap, &c. 27/- Cash, 30/- Easy Terms. Send 2/6 now, and 30/- Hunting Watch is sent you; pay 2/6 when you receive watch, and 2/6 monthly. Watch is sent on receipt of first payment. Seven years' warranty.

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MASTERS, LTD. 85, Hope Stores, RYE, Eng.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Markets have been cheerful on the better outlook, and there has been a good deal more genuine business knocking about.

* * *

Rails have been active, especially among the underground variety.

* * *

The latest mystery is the sensational rise in Central London.

* * *

Rumour has it that the Central London is to be merged with the Underground Electric group.

* * *

However, whether it is correct, or only rumour, one thing is certain, and that is that all Underground Rails are worth putting your money into.

* * *

Metropolitan Consolidated and Districts are obtainable at extremely attractive prices, also London and Brighton "A" Stock and Great Northern Def.

* * *

Grand Trunk Third Pref. have improved a point since I tipped them last week, but this is nothing to what they are likely to go to in the next few months. Big traffic increases are the order of the day.

* * *

Readers will remember my periodically drawing attention to Casey Cobalt shares as a good thing.

* * *

I now receive what one might almost term sensational information.

* * *

The capital of the Casey Cobalt Company is £200,000 in £1 shares all issued; cash at mine, £32,000; cash in London, £30,000.

* * *

The rich reef has now been traced 365 feet. The mill started last month, and it is anticipated milling profits will start at over £800 weekly. The first car realised £27,000.

* * *

As soon as the weekly profit statements appear the Company will begin to pay dividends, and 100 per cent. is talked of for 1913.

* * *

The present price of Casey Cobalt shares is about 2¾, but I can easily see the shares going to £5 or £6 if anything like the dividend talked of is to be earned and paid.

* * *

My advice, as before, is to buy Casey Cobalt now for a rise to about £4.

* * *

Regarding the Rhodesian Central Mining Company the following information has been received from the Manager under date 10th October:—

"In Main Shaft driving west values improving, pannings not less than 20 dwts. There is visible (Gold) to be seen in face of drive. Labour very plentiful."

* * *

The shares of the Rhodesian Central are still to be had round about 11s., so any of my readers still requiring some should buy now.

* * *

Another share still worth your attention is Exploring Land and Mineral, about 4s., also Ashanti Gold Fields at 20s.

* * *

The Ashanti Gold Fields have just declared a 37½ per cent. dividend for the last quarter, which works out at the rate of 150 per cent. per annum; the return therefore on these 4s. shares at present price is about 30 per cent.

* * *

Ashanti Gold Fields is the one good thing in West Africa, and the shares are worth holding from an investment point of view.

Readers can buy Ashanti Gold Fields 4s. at about £1, with perfect safety.

* * *

The Nigerian Tin Market has remained remarkably quiet. Principally through the many doses of nasty news received regarding Anglo Continental, and one or two others.

* * *

Rayfield Shares are the one good dividend payer in this market, and are most certainly cheap at about 16s. 6d.

* * *

The Rayfield output last month was 25 tons, against 21 tons for the month of September.

* * *

Among Oil shares, Spies Petroleum are the most promising for a substantial rise, and Shell Transport have been a good market on the rumours of amalgamation with other Companies.

* * *

There has been some very active dealing in London Oil Syndicate, and the price of the shares has been forced up to over £2, but I cannot advise my readers to have anything to do with the shares of this syndicate.

* * *

Maikop Pipe Line at about 10s. 6d. seem to offer possibilities, but until we know definitely whether this company is to be mixed up in the amalgamation of many Maikop concerns that have done no good, I hardly feel justified in advising my readers to buy these shares.

* * *

The only other promising share in the Oil market worth consideration is Premier Oil and Pine Line; the shares should be worth buying at present price for about a 2s. rise.

* * *

Although there has been very little doing in the rubber market there are distinct signs of improvement, and any of the shares of the dividend paying companies are certainly worth securing, for we are not likely to see the shares quoted lower, but on the slightest improvement in the market prices will quickly rise.

* * *

I shall be pleased to advise readers of the best rubber share to buy, according to the money they have to invest, and at the same time give them the name of a reliable member of the Stock Exchange to deal with.

* * *

Among the Industrials, National Steam Cars are worth buying, also Aerated Bread, Amalgamated Press Ordinary, and English Sewing Cotton. ORTHOS.

* *

BRIEF REPLIES.

S.V. (Cheshire).—Almost any of the rubber shares are worth buying at present prices, but I should advise you to only buy those paying dividends.

S. JONES.—As things are likely to improve considerably in the mining market at an early date, I should advise you to hold the shares you send me list of for the present. You will undoubtedly get a chance of getting out at a much better price in the next month or so.

"YOUNGSTER." (Huddersfield).—Have nothing to do with bucket shops. Deal only with a member of the Stock Exchange, and if you will let me know the money you wish to invest I will advise you accordingly.

F.H. (Leicester).—Lever Bros., Limited Preference Shares are well worth buying as an investment.

J.M. (Birmingham).—Instead of Amalgamated Propa. buy Anglo-Continental Land and Minerals or Rhodesian Central Mining, at about 11s.

S.R. (Sheffield).—Do not touch Mexican rails, but you can safely buy as many Grand Trunk Third Prefs. or Metropolitan District Ordinary as you like as both these stocks are bound to go much better.

HOPE (Bexley Heath).—I am afraid you will never see your money back for Panti Consuls. The only share in the West African market worth buying is Ashanti Gold Fields 4s. shares now quoted at £1.

H.W. (Mitcham).—I should advise you to buy Pataling rubber shares at about 37s. 6d., and among oils I cannot recommend anything better than Spies Petroleum.

P.A. (Edinburgh).—I will make enquiries about the company you send me particulars of, and write you in a few days.

"INVESTOR." (Rugby).—Send me a list of your investments, and I will advise you.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

SET ABOUT IT AT ONCE. TO DALLY IS FOOLISH.

OUR WHEELERS' COLUMN.

Cycle Notes and Bargains.

The only stipulation which is made in connection with our Free Exchange Bureau is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed below.

Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

New Model.

A new machine that has just been placed on the market is the 2¾-h.p. chain-driven Sunbeam, one of the many good features of which is that the transmission is enclosed throughout in weather-proof gear cases, and running in oil.

I hear that a well-known firm are discontinuing the manufacture of single cylinder models in 1913. This speaks volumes for their confidence in the twins, especially when one remembers that the 3½-h.p. single cylinder is still by far the most popular machine on the road.

Negotiations are still in progress to bring off the proposed one hour race between J. Bailey and G. Stanley, the representatives of the Douglas and Singer firms respectively.

Some delay has been caused by various objections on either side, but at last it would seem as if the event is really to take place. Although the result, whatever it is, will carry little weight with prospective purchasers, such a sporting match between these well-known riders should be a sight worth seeing.

Remedy for Belt-slip.

Winter riders of belt-driven machines, who suffer from belt-slip, should note that three parts of the wet that causes this is thrown up by the front wheel, and they will find that fitting an extra wide mud flap to the front wheel is a more effective method of prevention than experimenting with cumbersome belt shields, besides incidentally keeping the whole machine cleaner.

Another source of trouble is rust on the belt fastener, which causes it to wear out and break very quickly. To obviate this a generous lump of vaseline should be applied all round the fastener, oil being of very little use.

The motor cycle show at Olympia has been fixed for November 22nd to 25th, and all motor cyclists should make a point of visiting the world's largest and finest show of bicycles, motor cycles and side cars.

Profits of Manufacturers.

If any proof were needed of the enormous strides made in the motor cycle industry, it is surely forthcoming in the figures of the balance-sheets of the various manufacturers. To quote a few:—

Triumph Cycle Co., ...	net profit	£69,949
Premier ,, ,, ...	,, ,,	27,072
Enfield ,, ,, ...	,, ,,	14,055
Rudge Whitworth, Ltd.... ...	,, ,,	25,098

These are one or two selected at random, equally gratifying results being shown by many other Companies.

* * *

MOTOR CYCLES.

A.S.L. Precision, 1912, motor cycle, brand new, accept £20 under list price.—C. Moss, 1, St. George's Mews, Primrose Hill, N.W.

Quadrant, 3¼-4 h.p., 2 speeds, clutch, handle-starting, magneto; £25.—Motor Box No. 65, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

CYCLES.

B.S.A., 28-inch, Palmer's, Crabbe's, Blumel's, Brooks'; new condition; cost 8 guineas; £4.—61, Walsgrave Road, Coventry.

Golden Sunbeam, gent.'s, 26-inch frame, comparatively new; £6.—Cycle Box No. 31, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, double gent.'s Chater-Lea tandem, cheap, condition immaterial.—Galli, 24, Alfred Place, Camp Road, Leeds.

COUPON.

Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

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Name and Address _____

Readers will oblige by letting us know immediately a sale or exchange has been effected.

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THE WEEK'S RACING.

By "The Old Hand."

The Racing Editor will wire the best thing he knows each day for 5s. weekly, or will send a single message for 1s. Selections will be wired overnight for the benefit of readers who cannot deal with mid-day messages.

The acceptance of only twenty-two out of the original forty-seven entries for the Manchester November Handicap is far from satisfactory, and it looks as though the last big race of the season is going to be rather disappointing, though if we succeed in finding the winner, it will more than recompense for other shortcomings.

Frankly, I am more than surprised at the small number of owners who have cried content, as I consider the handicap could not possibly have been better framed, and I failed to find one of the entries who appeared to have anything in hand of his opponents.

With Adam Bede not accepting, the highest weight remaining in was 8st. 6lbs., so that the weights were raised 8lbs., according to rule, and Marcolica now occupies top position. Let me say at once, that greatly improved horse that he undoubtedly is, I am not enamoured of his chance, and with only 4lbs. less, Rathlea need not be seriously considered. Of an original entry of five, Taylor has two left in, and though the "Manton Mysteries" have been conspicuous by their absence so far this season, we have yet time to be faced with one of the old perplexing problems before the curtain falls.

The recent forward running of Wolfe Land points to the fact that he is now in form, and he appears to have as good a chance as most of the others.

He was nothing like fit when Marcolica beat him early last month at level weights, and if he can get the distance, Mr. Gunter's horse may find it difficult to give him 13lbs. Bolide II. may be anything, and in view of her forward running, the only time out, should be kept on the safe side. Election, as I have pointed out on more than one occasion in my notes, is not the most reliable of animals, and I shall not be tempted to back him.

On the other hand, I have a great deal of respect for Fort, who, it will be remembered finished second to Ultimus in this race last year. He is usually at his best about this time of the year, and if seriously fancied, will be a danger to the best of them. The defection of Adam Bede in favour of Dalmation is a tip in itself, though the latter did not show to advantage at Derby, and if, as one is led to believe, he is better at the weights than the erstwhile top weight, then he must indeed have a great chance. Like "Adam" he at one time had a tall reputation, which he has so far failed to justify, but may come on later.

Anyway, he must have done something to satisfy his trainer that he is the better of the two.

Lavolt surprised a good many people by winning the London Cup, and on that performance is sure to meet with a considerable amount of support, and I hear that he is greatly fancied for this race. Wagstaff is a genuine colt, who will get every yard, and Columbus, if he can be got to the post thoroughly fit, will be handy at the finish.

Major Symons, I remember, was considered a certainty a little time ago, but failed dismally, and I fail to see what chance he can have here. Mr. L. Winans has a second string in the disappointing Rots Pride, but one has no encouragement to fancy him, and I would rather have

Lavolt

to represent me than any other.

The following are some other likely winners during the week:

WARWICK—Monday.
November Handicap Plate: Crown Jewel.
Enscote Welter Handicap: Polymela.
Stratford Selling Handicap: Suppresser.
Spa Nursery Handicap: Forward III.

WARWICK—Tuesday.
Midland Counties Handicap: Kinsella.
Warwick Nursery Handicap: Princess Sterling.
Guy Welter Handicap: The Spy II.

WARWICK—Wednesday.
Leamington Selling Handicap: Warfare.
Milverton Mile Nursery: Eastwick.

MANCHESTER—Friday.
Ordsall Selling Nursery Handicap: Hortensia.

MANCHESTER—Saturday.
Saturday Selling Handicap: Blarney Stone.

LINGFIELD PARK—Saturday.
Back End Stayer's Handicap: Garinish Island.

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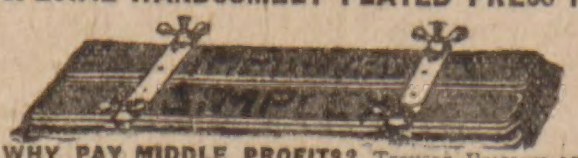

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

GLOVE CLEANING.

S.H. (Norwich) asks me about cleaning gloves. I do not recommend the washing of gloves at home—they should be sent to the cleaner when dirty.

There is one exception—the buckskin or imitation buckskin glove. Stains in these gloves should be sponged out of them, and they should then be rubbed with the brown pipeclay balls which bootmakers supply.

When the gloves are perfectly dry, they should be crushed in the hand till they are flexible, and the dust should then be gently beaten out of them.

BULGING POCKETS.

Nothing makes a suit look more untidy than when the pockets are bulged out. Never lay aside a suit while the pockets bulge with papers, cigarette packets, match boxes, and the miscellaneous collection of articles usually found in a man's pockets.

A good practice is to empty your pockets before laying aside your suit, and lay the various articles on the dressing table. They are then handy next morning if you put on a different suit, and you do not find yourself in the uncomfortable position of discovering that you have left your desk-key or office keys at home.

Should you be wearing the same suit two or three days running, it is better to empty the pockets, and give the fabric a chance to regain its proper shape.

SQUEAKY BOOTS.

"Annoyed" has recently invested in new boots, and questions me as to the method of removing the squeak.

The cause of squeaky boots is due to the inner sole rubbing against the outer, and there are several methods of remedying this complaint.

The best and simplest plan is to place the boots in a basin overnight, with just enough water to reach almost to the top of the soles. An alternative is to rub the soles with a little oil from time to time, until the creaking ceases.

BUYING AN OVERCOAT.

A small point apt to be overlooked when buying a new overcoat, is the length of the sleeves. Nothing looks worse than to see the sleeve of the jacket appearing below that of the overcoat, and nothing is more annoying than to find this happening and to have to double back the jacket sleeves.

It is advisable, therefore, to wear your jacket which has the longest sleeves when trying on a new overcoat.

BRIEF REPLIES.

F.R. or F.P. (Lightcliffe).—Coat single-breasted, narrow lapels, shaped to waist, rather full in skirts, waistcoat, just showing above coat when latter is buttoned, single-breasted with fairly long "points"; trousers, slightly peg-top and cut to turn-up.

J.S. (Sandyford, Glasgow).—(1) Oval-shaped lapels with evening dress out of fashion just now; but, like you, I like them, and here should follow my own predilections. (2) Do not offer to shake hands, but just bow.

L.C.P. (Pontypool).—Sorry, but we do not know the composition of brilliantine.

APPROPRIATE YULETIDE GIFT.

Nowadays, outdoor sports have become so essentially a part of every boy's life that the winter is apt to pall. If they could only rely upon King Frost the difficulty would be overcome, but unfortunately "His Majesty" appears to have no special liking for these islands, for his visits are usually few and short.

The result often is that boys seek questionable amusements to pass the time, to their own moral undoing, and much anxiety to their parents. When considering the question of Christmas presents this year, why not endeavour to solve some part of this problem. For instance, a billiard table in the home will afford hours and hours of pleasure for the boys as well as for the girls, and yourself.

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